THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3,648.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877. { PRICE . . . . 6d. BY POST . . . 6½d.

Registered at the General Post Office.]

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

No authoritative declaration has yet been made as to the object of the Government in the early summoning of Parliament, but it may be regarded as certain that its members will not meet to sanction an irrevocable decision. In all probability, in spite of the haughty language of the ministerial organ, they will be allowed a certain freedom to "debate and deliberate." Meantime, arrangements are made to strengthen by public meetings the hands of those in the Cabinet who adhere honestly to the declared policy of neutrality between Russia and Turkey. We trust that those meetings will not go further, that not a word will fall from any platform to afford a pretext to unscrupulous partisans for representing that any section of the community is indifferent to the imperial interests of Great Britain. We ought to have no speeches which lend themselves so easily to perversion as Mr. Freeman's rhetorical "Perish India!" The ease with which Mr. Freeman's saying has been twisted from its true meaning should be a warning. The various speakers should put it beyond possibility of effective misrepresentation that what they protest against is our engaging in a war that should have for its object the support of the rotten fabric of the Ottoman dynasty; and they should not only imply but distinctly say that they make this protest in the interests of England as much as in the interests of the Sultan's subjects; they should make it clear that the good government of Turkey is a British interest, and that an incompetent and oppressive Government, supported by our power, must lead inevitably sooner or later to British disaster.

The address issued by the Eastern Question Association is not sufficiently explicit in some points. It repeats more than once that its object in appealing to the country is to elicit "a clear declaration in favour of Neutrality, and a decisive protest against a war *for the support of the Turkish Empire.*" It calls upon the nation to affirm that "upon no pretence whatever shall England be embroiled in a war *for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire.*" But some passages in the address are less guarded, and might be taken to mean, by this time probably have been asserted to mean, that the impending agitation is directed against the defence of our interests by war under any circumstances. It is unwise to give such a handle to the war-party as the following:—"All those who believe such a war" [that is, a war for the support of the Turkish Empire] "to be at once unjust and unnecessary should take all lawful means to convince the Government that a policy of war is one which the English people do not desire and will not support." If we are to use our proper influence to prevent an unnecessary war, we must be careful not to identify ourselves with the advocates of "peace at any price." Again, it is a pity that, after being at pains to say that they support a policy of neutrality, "subject to the necessary safeguard of British interests," the framers of the address should have allowed such an ambiguous phrase to creep in as "*If British interests are to be protected*, they must be protected in some other way than by or through the Turks." None of us regard the protection of British interests as an open question, and it is a mistake to use a form of words which may colourably be said to imply that we do.

The address of the Eastern Question Association severely condemns the Government for creating alarm by an unexpected summons of Parliament, and lays stress upon the harm thus done to trade in its present depressed condition. "At home the condition of uncertainty and alarm thus inspired will produce—indeed has already produced—many of the evils inherent to a state of actual war. The Chambers of Commerce at Manchester and elsewhere have already raised a voice of warning and protest against the injury which the present state of affairs inflicts upon industry and commerce. The resources on which the employment of the people depends are threatened with a depression even greater than that which already weighs so heavily on the mass of the population. We are menaced (possibly without just cause) with increased taxes, dearer food, and lower wages." The justice of this indictment must be universally admitted. But we wish that the address had made it unmistakeable, by an explicit statement to that effect, that they call attention to the state of industry and commerce in order to expose the crime of the Government in keeping the nation in suspense, and harassing it by alarms, and that the present condition of industry and trade must not be interpreted abroad as a sign that the English people will not make sacrifices if the interests of the Empire are imperilled. We all know this, but the taking of it for granted in any public declaration is not expedient in such a crisis as the present.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, in his article in the *Nineteenth Century*, shows, for one thing, that he can, like many other soldiers, handle the pen no less effectively than the sword, and marshal sentences as well as battalions. And, for another thing, he gives an account of the French army, which can hardly be said to be a surprise after the striking article in *Blackwood's* two years ago, but which will be read with great interest as the opinion of one of our most open-minded and masterly strategists. But we confess that Sir Garnet's political notions do not strike us as being equally abreast of the times with

his strategy. He seems to conceive the possibility of a general European war, in which we shall be fighting side by side with France against Germany. All things are possible, but we should have liked some details of the combination under which Sir Garnet looks forward to this particular possibility. Is it that we are to be allied with France and Austria under the Tripartite Treaty in defence of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire? What interest would France have in such an alliance? Or is it thought probable that Russia and Germany will combine to divide between them the dominions of Turkey and Austria, and that we will unite with Austria to prevent this, and persuade France to join the alliance by the prospect of recovering Alsace and Lorraine? Sir Garnet Wolseley has evidently a deep distrust of Germany, and apparently believes that Bismarck is so bent upon adding Holland and the German provinces of Austria to the Empire that the prospect of so doing would make him join with Russia in any scheme that she cared to propose. We wish there were no greater danger to European peace than such a remote possibility as this.

We observe that the *Pall Mall Gazette* also talks about a rumoured understanding between England and France, and expresses a belief that "when the diplomatic history of the year 1877 becomes known, it will be found that the whole course of conduct in the English Cabinet has been influenced by friendship for France." This means, we suppose, that our Government would have secured something like a Protectorate of Egypt at the beginning of the year but for its desire to avoid "menace and humiliation" to France. If so, this is a very clever apology for the indecision by which the Government lost a golden opportunity for acquiring the control of our road to India; but imagine the cry against childish sentimentalism and cowardice which the same journal would have raised if such a reason for neglecting our own interests had been suggested by anyone on the Liberal side. How, too, about the purchase of the Suez Canal shares? Was not that also a wound to French sentiment? But "Perish India!" is apparently the generous wish of the *Pall Mall Gazette* now, "rather than we should hurt the feelings of our good neighbour France."

If Germany is bent upon aggrandisement in conjunction with Russia, and desirous of picking a quarrel with France, what was the meaning of Prince Bismarck's alleged pressure upon Marshal MacMahon in the interests of the popular party? The natural construction of that fact, if it is a fact, falls in rather with the repeated declarations of Bismarck and the known interests of Germany, namely, that what Germany wants is peace. If MacMahon had succeeded in maintaining his arbitrary position, peace would have been threatened by Ultramontane intrigue, and this is the reason why Bismarck favours the Republican cause. It is quite likely that the German Chancellor would gladly see England involved in a war with Russia, and many endeavours have been made from German sources to bring about that result, because everything which weakens Russia must be gratifying to Germany. But Germany will not break the peace herself if she can help it, and there could be no greater mistake than to argue from the family relations subsisting between the German and Russian Courts that Germany is at all likely to take the field on the side of her greatest rival.

The question raised by Sir Arthur Cotton and Mr. Bright, at Manchester, as to irrigation in India, has been taken up by Sir James Stephen. Sir James goes over wider ground than was covered by our recent article on "Irrigation Works in Bengal," but his facts and arguments point to the same conclusion—that the Indian Government cannot be justly charged with having entirely neglected their duty in this direction, and that irrigation, important as it is, is not a panacea. "As to the value of irrigation, where it can be employed," he says, "I suppose there is practically no difference of opinion at all. No doubt there are parts of India where an irrigation canal will obviate the effects of drought as effectually as a steam fire-engine will put out a fire; but to say that the whole of India is in this condition, and that nothing is wanted to put an end to famine all over India except unlimited irrigation, which can be applied at will, appears to me to be a great exaggeration." With regard to the action of the Indian Government, Sir James contends that it is proceeding as fast in the matter of irrigation as its legal powers allow, and sums up that it "has not only undertaken to do what Mr. Bright blames it for neglecting, but has actually done half of it, and is doing the rest as quickly as it can."

By far the most pleasant of the home incidents of the week is the Northumbrian miners' vote of confidence in their Parliamentary representative—Mr. Burt. A few days ago, it seems, some of the miners proposed a reduction in Mr. Burt's yearly allowance of 500*l*., on the ground that their own wages had been seriously diminished by the present strike. The vote was only that of a small minority, and it was speedily followed by another, in which the general body of miners gave emphatic expression of their respect for the honourable Member, and resolved to maintain the parliamentary salary at the old figure. The decision reflects immense credit upon both sides. Mr. Burt would have fully deserved the honour—for a great honour it is—had it only been for the fact that he is one of the most popular and useful members of the House, and likewise so very popular in his own county that his opponents during the contest for Morpeth were actually the very first to join in the welcome which attended his return. The resolution, however, is all the more satisfactory, considering that Mr. Burt is known to have lectured workmen on the folly and stupidity of strikes—at all events, during dull times like the present—to have denounced the practice, in fact, as roundly and vigorously as if he were a Tory journalist. Mr. Burt is not the man to back up the working classes when they happen to be wrong, merely because he is their paid representative. They know it, and they respect and admire him all the more for it.

The above incident has constrained a Conservative contemporary to call the Northumbrian miners the aristocrats of their order. The same journal would even admit that, in place of the pianos and bull-pups with which certain imaginative persons have furnished the cottages of the northern pitmen, a visitor would be much more likely to find microscopes, telescopes, and books of poetry and science. And all the world now knows that 8,000 of these men have for nearly a fortnight been out on strike—or under a lock-out—for no other discoverable reason than that the masters have suddenly abandoned the arbitration system which for many years has been followed in the northern districts, and with the happiest results. It is also notorious that the men have most loyally accepted the many adverse decisions of recent arbitrations, and few will doubt that they would have behaved in a similar spirit if the masters had tried arbitration a few days ago, and carried their point. So that the miners are altogether a superior class of persons, and quite deserve to be called "aristocratic." The chief objection to the adjective is its implication of inapplicability to any other class of workmen. It seems to be supposed that intelligence and self-restraint cannot be predicated of any operatives unless they have the good fortune to be Northumbrian coal miners, and therefore inheritors of the very oldest local industry of the kind in these islands. May we remind critics of this turn of mind that the iron-workers of whose good sense and love of order and fair-play a fellow-legislator of Mr. Burt's has spoken in terms of the highest enthusiasm were, seven years ago, supposed to be the roughest and most un-

manageable set of workmen between John o' Groat's and Land's End? The happy change immediately followed upon the establishment of an Arbitration Board. Wage adjustments are at least as difficult in some of the weaving trades as in those of coal and iron; yet many examples of the former might be given, in which employers and workmen have managed their affairs, without the slightest hitch, for a long series of years.

It is reported that the bishops and clergy of the Roman Catholic Church have resolved to put down the abuses, at least, of that interesting "survival" of primitive culture, the "waking" of the dead. Only the relatives of the deceased shall—under pain of excommunication—be permitted to take part in the ceremony; nor must intoxicating liquor be produced. This prohibition is, no doubt, much needed for sanitary as well as moral reasons, in the Irish quarters of Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and other large towns. It may also, if the priests do their duty, bring a positive relief to poor families feeling themselves bound in honour to supply all comers with the means of making beasts of themselves under the pretence of bewailing the dead. It is not said, however, whether the Catholic clergy mean to interfere with the Irish rural custom, which, though observed under circumstances less unpleasant than those of a wake in Seven Dials, is supposed to terminate, rather too frequently, in a family Donnybrook. Among the Scotch Celts, the practice is now extinct, though it is not so many years since a Highland wake in the remoter districts might have been followed from prologue to final catastrophe—the women seated, with their heads covered, rocking slowly from side to side, as if keeping time to their monotonous wailing; the men, plaided, attended upon by the bearers of oat-cake, cheese, and whisky, imbibing the liquor after many pantomimic invitations and protestations, and as if the act were a painful but unavoidable duty, then thrusting it each upon his next neighbour, and composing each his wry countenance with a mouthful of water—for your Highlander knows nothing of grog; and, finally, the procession, with the piper gradually becoming unsteadier on his legs, and taking wild liberties with the time and the tune of *Ha til mi tuligdh* ("I'll never return"); and the bearers falling out first of step, next among themselves; then high words, savage abuse, and irony, in which the Celtic speech abounds, coffin dropped on the highway, chief mourners laying about them promiscuously, and a general mauling and ferocious scrimmage like that of Greeks and Trojans over another Patroclus.

Owing to the retirement from the representation of the Ayr Burghs of Sir William Cuninghame, their present representative, this constituency has the chance of returning not only a sound Liberal, but one who is something more than a mere local notability—or nobody. This is Mr. A. C. Sellar, who is at present the head of the Liberal Registration Association. Mr. Sellar has done admirable service on various Commissions, including that on Secondary Education in Scotland, and he has written more brilliantly on educational and some other political questions than probably any other living Scotchman. The intimacy of Mr. Sellar with Lord Hartington, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Adam, and the leaders of party organisation in Scotland generally, would render his return for the Ayr Burghs a valuable aid to the cause of Liberal unity.

Members of Parliament who are interested in Government patronage at the present time, might do worse than ask, after Parliament opens, on what ground Mr. Delver Broughton—a junior clerk in the Treasury—has just been appointed Assistant Master to the Sydney Mint, at a salary of 1,600*l.*, and whether the Colonies approve of the appointment, and especially of such expensive means of keeping up a connexion with the mother country?

THE WAR IN A SLOW STAGE.

Winter has at last intervened in earnest to impede if not to prevent military operations. A heavy snowstorm swept over south-eastern Europe towards the end of last week, blocking up all communications for a time; and the snow lies in drifts of such depth as enormously to increase the difficulties of moving troops and artillery in the hilly regions where war is now active. The only quarter from which energetic movements are reported is the Turco-Servian frontier, where the Servians are doing their best, in spite of the weather, to make amends for their delay in taking up arms, and to redeem their character as fighting men. The forces under the command of General Leshjanin have followed up their capture of Tchiflik to the north of Nisch by taking certain positions to the south, and are preparing for a regular investment of the fortress. The ease with which the outlying positions have been won is a sign that it is not very strongly garrisoned. Leshjanin is protected against any interference with his operations from the direction of Pirot by another Servian force, the Shumadia corps, which, under the command of Delimarkovitch, crossed the frontier at Pandiralo, and, following the more easterly of the two roads to Pirot, turned the flank of the Turks at Babina Glava, and so forced them to retire on Pirot. The Turkish claim to have repulsed the attack on Pirot loses its significance when we look at the Servian plan, and see that the Shumadia corps, unless it is much stronger than we have any reason to believe that it is, could have had no intention of attacking Pirot, but is intended only to engage whatever Turkish forces are near Pirot, and prevent them from annoying Leshjanin in his attack upon Nisch.

But, indeed, this protecting movement on the part of the Servians was hardly necessary. Whatever Turkish forces may be stationed along the line from Pirot to Sophia have work enough on their hands without essaying any offensive movement against the Servian invaders. Even without this precaution, they would have been obliged to leave Nisch to take care of itself. Foes are closing in upon them from every quarter, with a superiority of numbers which makes resistance hopeless. Horvatovitch, having driven the Turks out of the pass of Sbeti Nicholaja—an achievement on which Prince Milan is said to have received the congratulations of the Grand Duke Nicholas—is now in a position to co-operate with the various Russian columns forcing their way through the passes which lead to Sophia. The Russians can now operate against Sophia without any fear of being caught in the rear by Osman Pasha. The detachment of Turks in Widdin is not strong enough to cause any alarm, and is sufficiently guarded by Prince Charles and his Roumanians. It has not been thought necessary to send any Servian reinforcement to Prince Charles; Horvatovitch has joined in the movement southwards, with some Russians, 12,000 picked troops it is said at Belgrade, added to the native forces under his command. The Russians must soon be in front of Sophia, unless the roads are made impassable by snowstorms. The slowness of their advance is dictated partly by the weather, partly by a desire to get the Turks out of position after position by turning movements with as little sacrifice of life as possible, and they are advancing on so many different lines, and with such a superiority of numbers, that their deliberate and cautious tactics must soon be crowned with success. There is no reason why Gourko should throw away lives in trying to take by assault the peaks which command the Babina Glava Pass, when the Turks can be compelled to evacuate it by a force marching on Sophia along the road from Zlatitza, the road which will probably be taken by the division of the Plevna army that is said to be making for the Trojan Pass. The movements against Sophia are now like the movements of a wary chess player who has reduced his antagonist to a very few pieces, and is only employed in guarding against surprises and giving checkmate without unnecessary sacrifices.

It is quite clear that, as far as the west end of the

Balkans is concerned, the game of the Turks is up. The last news that has been received makes it probable that Horvatovitch with his Russian reinforcements will push for Sophia by way of Pirot, but in whatever way the attacking forces are disposed their numbers leave no doubt as to the result. It has been conjectured that the Turks will withdraw all their troops from Sophia, with a view to concentrating all their remaining strength for the defence of Adrianople, and perhaps this is confirmed by the statement of the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Constantinople that they have sent on guns for the defence of Sophia. Three weeks ago the Turkish inhabitants of Sophia and the surrounding country were flying southwards in great numbers. Whether or not a small garrison will be left at Sophia to detain for some time a superior force of the enemy, must depend upon considerations at which there is no means of arriving. We have no reliable information as to the number of troops at present in Sophia. Meanwhile, it would appear that the Turks have not sufficient confidence in the likelihood of obtaining support from Powers interested in Constantinople to act upon the ingenious plan of which we gave an account last week, and which it was at one time supposed that they had adopted. They do not mean to leave the road to Constantinople open, as was suggested to them, and trust to an invisible hand to bar the advance of the invader, at the same time throwing all their strength into the Quadrilateral; on the contrary, they are provisioning Adrianople, strengthening its defences, and concentrating there all available forces, with a view to making it a second and more stubborn Plevna. The distribution of the Russian forces for the reduction of the Quadrilateral and the movement southwards has not yet been disclosed, the snow having prevented any movements which would give a clue to their intentions.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

Whilst the reactionary snake has been scotched at Versailles, so that it lies now in motionless torpor, the crisis at Berlin still continues, but with an increasing prospect of a solution not quite to the taste of the Conservative and Clerical Camarilla. There can be no doubt among those who have attentively followed the course of affairs in the two countries, that the Radziwill school of Court politics, and the members of the Marpingen school of priestly scandal, had eagerly looked forward to the triumph of a MacMahonist State-stroke, as a help to the furtherance of their own little projects. To foil such a backstairs intrigue would certainly be the easiest thing in Germany for any Minister who firmly took his stand on a platform of Progress. There is scarcely any part of Germany—Mecklenburg and, for the time being, Bavaria excepted—where the Liberal cause is not represented by a large parliamentary majority. The Reichstag is overwhelmingly Liberal. So is the Prussian House of Deputies. So are the Legislatures of the smaller countries. It suits, however, the character of the ruling statesman much better to govern in the *Ego et Rex meus* style, loftily holding the balance between the Prince and the People, than to champion the Parliamentary principle in his dealings with the Crown. This apparent personal strength constitutes an unfailing source of political weakness. Individual influence is incessantly undermined by ante-chamber and bed-chamber intrigue; a game that will go on until both sets of influence are overpowered by the legally expressed will of the nation.

Driven at bay by persistent foes craftily acting in the dark, the so-called omnipotent Chancellor has at last seen fit to seek aid among the Liberal majority. There was a report that both Herr von Bennigsen, a National Liberal leader, of Hanoverian origin, and Freiherr Schenk von Stauffenberg, a Progressist from Wurtemberg, were to be called into the Prussian Cabinet. The latter report is unfounded. Herr von Bennigsen, however, and Herr von Forckenbeck, the two Speakers of the Prussian House of Commons and of the Reichstag (both belonging to the same party), are at this moment engaged in negotiations with Prince Bismarck; and there is a chance of the forthcoming interview resulting in a considerable reorganisation of the Cabinet. It will, of course, be somewhat of a "Left Centre" arrangement, though it must be acknowledged, from a parliamentary point of view, that the more advanced Liberals—that is, the Progressists—are at present but a small fraction of the Liberal party of the Prussian House and of the Reichstag.

If an arrangement is come to, and if, one day, the secret history of the present crisis should be written, it will, I believe, be seen that German and French politics have somewhat reacted upon each other. This is not acknowledged in public just now. Nor does there seem to be any foundation for the assertion that German diplomacy, as such, had exercised a pressure upon Marshal MacMahon, either by a Note, written or verbal, or even by a semi-official hint. Nevertheless, there is good reason to think that the faithless President of the French Republic was made aware—shortly before he resumed his intercourse with M. Dufaure—of the view prevailing in German Governmental regions. Under the advice of the Vatican—that is, under the advice of the instigator of the Sixteenth of May—the Marshal, surrounded already by a rising tide of home opposition, then swallowed the bitter pill and "let drop down his head on his chest."

This "submission" of the Marshal can be understood. The tools he required for a State-stroke were found failing; from abroad he saw clouds coming on: so under the accustomed guidance he bowed, for the nonce, to the Inevitable. He yielded so far as to allow a Cabinet mostly taken from the Left Centre to be installed. This is not submission in the true constitutional sense, as the *Times* has pointed out; for the Left Centre forms a mere minority-fraction of the Parliamentary majority. The Left Centre recruits itself from semi-Orleanists and ex-Conservatives who have come to see that the Republic is the form of government which "least divides France to-day"—to use the well-known phrase of Thiers. The Dufaure Ministry is consequently nothing but a Cabinet of compromise and transition, with a rather lop-sided reciprocity—nearly "all on one side." Grévy and Gambetta are the real representatives of the Republican majority. So long as they are kept out, the Parliamentary principle has not achieved its legitimate triumph. Only to a small extent has MacMahon been brought to acknowledge the rights of the Commonwealth. That he retraced his steps so far can be understood from the many difficulties, political and military, he found rising before him in rapid succession.

But what is not easily to be understood, and what still puzzles keen observers in Germany, is the strange fact of his having remained in office, after he had over and over declared that he would carry out "my policy" to the bitter end, and that his very honour required him either to fulfil the pledges he had given to his confederates and instruments, or to resign. Why did he not resign? Here we come upon a dark point. Legally, the Marshal is not a monarch who, having to transmit his power by dynastic succession, may undergo even personal humiliation in the interest of the Crown. He stands in a very different position indeed; he knows that a Republican legislature is entitled, after he has left office, to appoint any man it likes in his stead. Why, then, should he have preferred staying, and so "dishonouring himself," according to his own previous declarations? It has already been mentioned as a strange circumstance that, on the morning of MacMahon's sudden resolution to yield, the Papal Nuncio had paid a long visit to the Elysée. The report in question, first given in the columns of this journal, has been virtually confirmed since by a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who fully explains the influence that was brought to bear upon the Marshal by the Vatican.

The well-informed Roman correspondent of the Berlin *National-Zeitung* now says:—"The Marshal is still in office; and the hope of a retribution is consequently not

yet lost, though it is delayed. Even as a word from the Vatican overthrew Jules Simon, and induced the Marshal to part with the Duke of Broglie, so it is also hoped in the Vatican that the day may yet come when a similar utterance may overturn Waddington and Dufaure. The journals of the Papal Court have already begun the warfare against Waddington; and if the Chamber at Versailles does not make haste to take the necessary legal measures of security against the recurrence of a Sixteenth of May, the clerical campaign may yet have the desired success." This letter from Rome, to which the *National-Zeitung* directs special attention, owing to the source from which it comes, is the more remarkable because, of all German papers, the *National-Zeitung* has hitherto looked with the comparatively greatest confidence upon the recent change in France. It now acknowledges that "the non-resignation of the Marshal is a riddle, which forms a contrast to his known character, and requires explanation."

I believe there is a two-fold explanation to this riddle—a political and a personal one—both fitting in with each other. Politically speaking, the continuance of the MacMahonate, albeit shorn for the moment of its arbitrary privileges, still leaves some chance to those who aimed at the overthrow of the Republic. It may be difficult to again rally a class of reactionary desperadoes round the standard of MacMahonist lawlessness, after they had been made to slink away under a Message signed by the Marshal in person. At the same time, the history of the German Revolution and of the popular movements in Italy, from 1848–49, shows by but too many examples how sovereigns, after a humiliation which apparently broke their power, recovered, after a time, the will and the strength for revenge. MacMahon is a defeated and humiliated would-be sovereign. It will not be difficult, if circumstances should be favourable once more, to work him up into proper trim for revenge. In the meanwhile it is his personal interest to cling to the reins of government; for, unseated, he would probably find a great many witnesses to the treasonable acts of his late administration coming forth—witnesses kept mute for the time by the present transitory state of compromise. A fallen traitor is not often shown mercy even from his own confederates. Though MacMahon may not be too much of a military strategist in the open field of battle, he has sufficient wisdom of the "old soldier" about him to see this danger ahead; and so, from that reason too, he remains in office.

The evidence of an intended perpetration of a *coup d'état*, down to December 13, is fast accumulating. Everything was ready for a march upon Paris. Rochebouët had clearly been commissioned to act the part of a "Décembriseur" General. It is satisfactory to find, in presence of the proofs already furnished, that the real Republican party has at least got a footing in the new Administration through the appointment of Under State-Secretaries taken from its ranks. The fact of M. Dufaure, an ex-Orleanist convert to the present Constitution, being an octogenarian, and of the installation of some sixty ex-Orleanists, or Moderates, out of the eighty-six new Prefects, is, however, not quite reassuring. The new Cabinet certainly means well, but the question is whether it will take care to surround the Republic with proper strength. "When you have achieved a victory," says the Eastern proverb, "tie your helmet fast." I believe the next correct step to be taken would be a full and searching investigation into the recent *coup d'état* manœuvres, and the punishment of the guilty persons—including, if the guilt is brought home to him, the impeachment and deposition of Marshal MacMahon.

KARL BLIND.

RUSSIAN FINANCE.

The Controller-General of the Russian Empire has published his report on the definitive settlement of the Budget of 1876, and this document permits us to form an idea of the true situation of Russia in 1876, as well as to conjecture how the country has stood during the year about to close. The reading of this report is very instructive; it enables us to see, if the figures of the Controller-General are to be trusted, that the cries of alarm concerning the solvency of Russia, raised recently by some of our contemporaries, had little foundation in the actual state of the Russian Exchequer. And this too although it would be unjust to judge of the financial situation of Russia by the result of the year 1876. Two exceptional causes, a bad harvest and the derangement of business by political uncertainties, acted unfavourably not only on the interests of individuals, but also on the Imperial treasury.

The report of the Controller of the Empire includes, over and above certain accounts which belonged to the Budgets of preceding years, the account of the extraordinary expenses which have been necessitated by the mobilisation of a part of the army and defrayed by special resources, independent of the ordinary ways and means of the Budget. A comparison of the returns for 1876 with the returns of preceding years shows clearly how the revenue has been affected by the Oriental complications. The ordinary receipts realised in the collection of 1876 were 559,262,691 roubles, a total exceeding by 2,518,172 the calculations of the Budget. In the four years preceding they were as follows:—

1872	523	millions of roubles	
1873	537	„	„
1874	557	„	„
1875	576	„	„

We see from this table the gradual and sustained increase of the receipts during the years preceding 1876, while, in consequence of adverse circumstances, 1876 shows a retrogression compared with 1875, although it remains above the revenue realised in previous years.

The surplus of 2½ millions roubles above the calculations of the Controller arises from a source altogether extra-normal—the receipts of the Customs, which, mounting to 71,433,000 roubles, have exceeded by 10½ millions the Budget estimate. This augmentation proceeds from the fiscal measure which imposed from the beginning of January, 1877, the payment of the Customs in gold, and which caused an extraordinary increase of importation during the two last months of the year 1876. In order to evade the raising of the tariff resulting from the collection of the taxes in gold, some of the importations which would not have been made in the ordinary course of business till 1877 were effected in November and December of 1876. The report of the Controller-General states that a considerable part of the Customs receipts collected in 1876 constitute in effect an anticipation of those of 1877, and that there is no doubt that, apart from the depressing action of the war and the increase in the taxes in consequence of their payment in gold, the Customs revenue must show a diminution from the anomalous sum collected in 1876. The other branches of the revenue which have yielded an augmentation are the tax on sugar, the posts and telegraphs, the receipts from Turkestan and the Caucasus. In these different branches, the augmentation is about three millions roubles beyond the calculations.

If we come to the diminutions, we find that the receipts from the railways have diminished in consequence of the stagnation of affairs, and, above all, of the exceptional financial situation in which the railways have been placed by the military transports which took place at the close of the year. Thus the Government expected from the railways, according to the amount for which it has issued consolidated bonds, a sum of 16,200,000 roubles, and it has not encashed in reality more than 12,100,000 roubles—a deficit of 4,100,000 roubles. The duty on spirits has yielded 700,000 roubles less than was anticipated. The sum encashed, more than 191 millions roubles, is enormous, and exceeds by 6¼ millions the revenue of 1875. The failure of 700,000 roubles must be attributed chiefly to measures, legislative and administrative, taken with a view to reducing the number of shops, as well as to the depression of

trade produced by the political circumstances. The land tax and the personal tax also show a diminution.

The sum total of the expenditure charged on the ordinary receipts of the financial year is 564,801,060 roubles. The Budget for 1876 is thus balanced to an excess in the expenditure of 5,538,000 roubles, which has been defrayed out of the 40,547,000 roubles, which, as was stated in the last report of the Controller-General, constituted on January 1 the balance of funds at his disposal. Apart from these 564 millions roubles of ordinary expenditure, there have been opened certain credits for 86 millions roubles, in which figured 55 millions applicable to extraordinary expenses. The sum total of the anticipated requirements for the public service in 1876 amounted to 637 millions. The actual expenditure has been 624 millions, of which 51 millions are the extraordinary expenses assigned to special resources. Of the 86 millions of supplementary credits, the most considerable sum—say, 55,700,000 roubles—was taken by the Minister of War. Next came the Minister of Finance, with 11 millions. If from the 624 millions roubles of actual expenditure in 1876 we deduct 51 millions defrayed out of extraordinary resources, and 8,300,000 roubles which went to the reserve funds of the Ministers of War and of Marine, the sum total of ordinary expenditure comes to 564 millions roubles.

To meet the expenses necessitated by the mobilisation of part of the army, and in general by the political events of last year, there were opened in the Budget of 1876 55 millions roubles of extraordinary credits, assigned to special resources, that is to say, the product of the internal loan of 100 millions issued in November 1876, after the decree of mobilisation. Of this 51 millions have been spent, and the principal items are as follows:—

Clothes and accoutrements	7,800,000
Indemnities for horses furnished by the population	6,200,000
Provisions	5,974,000
Transport of troops	4,061,000
Making and transport of artillery	3,936,000
Works for the defence of the Black Sea littoral	1,725,000
Marine	1,223,000
Torpedo boats	280,000

The public debt of Russia is a matter which has considerable interest for English readers. We extract the following figures from the report of the Controller-General. The debt on January 1, 1876, amounted to 1,800,148,132 roubles. An Imperial Ukase dated November 6, 1876, decreed the issue of 100 millions roubles of five per cent. bonds for expenses necessitated by political events, redeemable in thirty-seven years. The redemptions effected in 1876 being 25,493,260 roubles, the debt at the close of the year stood at 1,874,654,871 roubles. Since 1872, Russia has redeemed 99,216,000 roubles. If we add the whole of the nominal value of the debt contracted in 1876 (100 millions), we see that the public debt at the end of 1876 was almost the same as at the end of 1871. The Russian debt now represents three times and a half the annual revenue, not a very heavy sum in comparison with that incurred by other European States and with the resources of the country.

This analysis of the returns of the Controller-General, if, we repeat, the figures of the Minister of an Autocrat can be trusted, show how reassuring was the financial position of Russia at the close of last year. Since then the charges occasioned by the war have fallen heavily on the Imperial Exchequer, and it will necessarily be some years before it can return to the point at which it was in 1876. Still Russia has always paid the interest of her debts hitherto, and there is no reason why she should cease to do so if there is no jugglery in the balance-sheet of her Minister of Finance.

THE CLAIMS OF THE COUNTY HOUSEHOLDERS.

There are three articles in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* on the subject of the County Householder Franchise. Mr. Gladstone writes some "last words" in reply to Mr. Lowe; Mr. Potter rambles over the question in general in eighteen pages; and Mr. Arch gives a short and simple statement of the grounds on which the agricultural labourer desires the franchise. Mr. Arch's paper is not a formal reply to Mr. Lowe; he does not enter the lists to chop logic with that formidable antagonist, yet in its simple way it is the most effective reply of the three. The gist of the arguments which we have heard of late from Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goschen against the extension of the franchise to county householders is that there lurks some vague danger to the country at large or to the propertied classes in the proposal, that the new electors would combine with other poor and ignorant persons like themselves in foolish or selfish projects; and nobody can read Mr. Arch's account of the modest aims of the new claimants for the franchise without being convinced how visionary those fears are. The motives of Mr. Arch's agitation, as explained by himself, are two. There is a sentimental motive and an interested motive. The poor householder resents his not having that voice in the management of the affairs of the community which is possessed by a neighbour paying a higher rental. He regards exclusion from this privilege as an unfair badge of inferiority, as a slight upon his standing as a freeman. However small his stake in the general welfare may be, he thinks that he ought to have some control over whatever affects it, and he feels a certain degradation in being wholly excluded from such control. This may be called a sentimental grievance, but the poor village householder has a material grievance as well. His exclusion from the suffrage touches his comfort as well as his pride. His wants are few, but there are some of them which cannot be supplied without collective action, in which at present he can take no initiative. The householder in a village cannot always supply himself by individual action with pure water or with efficient drainage. "I need not name villages," Mr. Arch says, "but anyone who travels the counties of Wilts, Dorset, Hants, Berks, Somerset, Devon, yes, and in the Midlands too, must observe the bad sanitary condition of the villages in the rural districts; but who ever brought a rural sanitary Bill into Parliament to compel the great landowner to properly drain his cottage property? Are there not villages in this country to-day where the sanitary condition is in such a state as would not be suffered to exist in any of our large towns? There are, it is true, many improvements needed in our towns, but they have the means in their hands to rectify it. If an enfranchised town is suffering from bad sanitary arrangements—it may be the local squire or lord may object to certain measures the town authorities have seen fit to adopt—where do they apply to? Why, to Parliament. They have their representatives there; their requirements must be attended to, their health and comfort must have proper attention paid to it. But how is the rural workman without a vote to make himself heard on a matter of this kind? He may call the district nuisance inspector in; but what follows as a rule? It may be he complains of some nuisance which may emanate from his rich neighbour's neglect; if so, if he cannot ply his trade to profit without begging the custom of his rich neighbour to keep his trade going, no matter how bad the nuisance, he must hold his tongue or be prepared for consequences. And while such laws exist as the law of primogeniture and entail, it will be more or less the policy of the present owner to get as great a rent as he can, with doing as little in the shape of improvement as he can. Only the other week in Wilts I saw cottages unfit for human beings to live in fast going to decay, and the sooner the better; but will the present owner build more? . . . Then there is pure water. If the water of a town is bad, means are set on foot to improve it; a town water Bill is brought into the House; the remedy is soon found. And yet in many of our villages the water is not fit for human beings to drink; but who is to call the attention of the Legislature to it? Someone may raise the question, but not until the vote is extended to every householder in the

counties will that question receive its due consideration—not only good drainage and good water, but good and decent cottages. Why is there an Artisans' Dwellings Act for our large towns? Why was the number of the inhabitants to say where the law should take effect and where it should not? Why not an Agricultural Labourers' Dwellings Act?"

Such, then, are the objects with which Mr. Arch demands the suffrage for householders at present unenfranchised. They cannot be said to be very alarming; they are not levelling or communistic. To hear Mr. Lowe, one would imagine that nothing short of a redistribution of the land or a permanent doubling of wages would satisfy the new claimants to the franchise. Put Mr. Arch's hopes from the proposed equalisation at their highest—a three-roomed wind-and-water-tight cottage for every married agricultural labourer, clean pumps or streamlets, and efficient drainage for every village—they may be too sanguine, but they do not represent a very extravagant or a very mischievous ambition. If, indeed, Mr. Arch's meaning were that all these benefits should be provided at the expense of the landlords without any equivalent, if it were the case that the labourers desired the suffrage for the purpose of extorting these benefits from the landlords, there would be some justice in raising a cry of communism and spoliation. But all that Mr. Arch asks is that his clients should have a vote in the election of local boards and the imperial Parliament in order that they may get their wants in these matters listened to and considered. He is only reasoning from the experience of the last extension of the franchise when he concludes that certain advantages might be gained without packing Parliament with pledged representatives of the agricultural labourer. The Parliaments elected in 1868 and 1874 were not packed with special representatives of the artisan, yet much of the legislation of those Parliaments has been framed with a view to his interests, and it would be idle to deny that this new consideration of his interests had no reference to his new position as the holder of electoral power. Give any class of persons the suffrage, and their interests are bound to be respectfully considered in Parliament. If the suffrage is broad enough there is sufficient security in the conflict of interests against any one section's being in the long run unduly favoured. The vague fear that the numerical majority may combine to secure their own interests at the expense of the numerical minority is removed by the simple consideration that if the conditions existed for such a combination, society would not hold together for a fortnight, and the numerical majority would do what they liked with the minority whether they had votes in Parliamentary elections or not.

Mr. Lowe wished the question of the County Franchise to be reopened on its merits, because he feared that a disposition was growing to concede the claim of the county householders as the natural and inevitable sequel to the last extension. He is no doubt right as regards the existence of this disposition, the present electorate being quite prepared to extend the hand of fellowship to householders outside the borough boundaries as soon as they manifest a general desire to have it, but he has not succeeded in justifying his alarm at the fact. If he could have pointed to any deplorable consequences that had ensued upon the last increase of the electoral body, his arguments would have fallen upon willing ears. But he has not been able to do so. Mr. Gladstone sums up the whole substance of his arguments when he says that if they are good for anything they constitute a plea for absolute government. The notion that every person who votes for a member of Parliament must be capable of forming, and must have formed, a scientifically accurate opinion upon every question likely to come before the representative body, looks very plausible as a theory, but is utterly inapplicable to practical politics among human beings as they are. If human creatures were divided into two great classes, one perfectly intelligent and virtuous, the other completely stupid and selfish, there would be some force in what Mr. Lowe contends. In that case nothing better could happen than that the perfect creatures alone should have a voice in matters of legislation and public policy. But human history has shown that perfection is a rare gift, and that neither individual nor class can safely be trusted with uncontrolled power. The only way in which the balance of interests can practically be preserved is by investing the various sections of the community with the means of getting their special interests duly considered.

OUR SANITARY BLUNDER.

The *Times*, in enumerating the events creating gloom and depression on the Christmas season, says, "the latest discovery is a material one, and very material. It is that the Metropolis has made a tremendous mistake in its method of dealing with its sanitary difficulties, and yet that there is no way out of it." This great discovery is made in a recent report published by the Thames Conservators, showing that the large works for intercepting the sewage of the Metropolis from going into the river, for which between four and five millions of money have been expended by the great rate-spenders, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and by which the "silver Thames" was to be restored, are a failure. Our sewage, which we were led to believe had been got rid of for ever, is coming back upon us. The sea refuses to have it, and a vast mass of suspended filth is kept tossing to and fro in the Thames with the ebb and flow of the tide, and gradually being forced by the superior pressure higher and higher up the river.

Captain Calvert draws a most alarming picture of the nature of this threatened invasion of expatriated sewage. "We have seen," he says, "that the oscillating sewage section contains a large amount of putrefactive matter, both fluid and solid, and that, judging from the results of such an admixture elsewhere under similar conditions, this is a state of things calculated to produce the most deleterious effects. It is not a case of sewage rolled about and ventilated in a fresh-water stream, with possible purification at the end of its journey; oxygenation by the atmosphere and progressive destructive change have only a partial bearing upon the question—it is simply a noxious chemical combination of matter continued day after day, a condition of things as fixed as the evils which flow from it. That the putrefactive matter contained in the water of mid-Thames can neither be small in amount, nor can have undergone any material degree of purifying change, is apparent from one or two facts which may be mentioned. Several kinds of fish, for instance, such as whitebait, flounders, eels, shrimps, and shad, which were formerly taken in the river to as high up as Erith, have now forsaken the district. The Dutch eel vessels also used to rendezvous in Church Hole, a little above the same place, and send their fish to London in corves (perforated boxes), towed up astern of wherries, but the increasing pollution of the river water drove the Dutchmen from Erith in 1852, from Greenhithe in 1859, from Gravesend in 1862, and now they seldom ascend higher than Hole Haven, in Sea Reach, so as to avoid the poisonous effect of the water upon their cargoes. It may be very true, as stated, that fresh-water fish feed and flourish in comparatively uncontaminated fresh water at the mouths of sewers at Carlisle, and that small flounders are again disporting themselves in the improved flood above London Bridge, but it is evident that the mid-Thames mixture is palatable neither to English nor to Dutch fish." "The evidence of the senses may also be relied on as an important factor for determining the question of purity. While in the neighbourhood of the outfalls, I observed that bubbles of gaseous matter, arising from decomposition, were continually ascending to the surface of the water, reminding me of similar experience in the polluted Clyde. The foul condition of the river was also apparent from the smell caused by the disturbance raised

by the steamers' paddles, and the floating abominations by which I was surrounded when making the test observations are to be remembered rather than described."

And it is not merely at Gravesend that the evil is making itself felt. Impurities are carried up by the tide from the huge accumulation in the lower Thames. Captain Calvert's report states that "the comparatively pure water which formerly filled the upper reaches of the tidal Thames—say from Kew to Twickenham—has been replaced by water charged with matter more or less offensive. During the summer months it has been commonly noticed that in ordinary seasons the receiver has become filled during spring tides by water which, in a state of comparative stillness, has gradually dropped an offensive deposit upon the foreshores to as far up as Twickenham, where it has remained and contaminated the air."

This is, indeed, an alarming state of things, much too grave to be dispelled by Sir Joseph Bazalgette's evidence "as to flounders being frequently caught in the neighbourhood of Westminster." The *Times* is perhaps justified in speaking of it as a discovery. But it is a discovery only in an official and popular sense. It was never before embodied in an official report, and never before gained the ear of the public. Sanitary engineers protested against the scheme at the time, and have spasmodically renewed their protests as occasion suggested. It is far from being a pleasant recollection now that the Metropolitan Board of Works adopted the present system of drainage in defiance of the principles strongly urged by the general Board of Health, and that the system which our Metropolitan administrators rejected has since been adopted or is in course of adoption in various continental towns. The principle for which the moving spirits of the Board of Health contended was that the sewage impurities must be dealt with separately, that they were not to be got rid of by simply combining them with the rainfall and other water, and draining the whole off to the sea. Not only did they foresee the danger which has now been brought home to us by Captain Calvert's report, but they maintained that even if the impurities could be carried safely off, it would be a needless waste thus to dispose of valuable fertilising matter. But the Board of Works was captivated by the notion of constructing a system of big tunnels and big pumps and engines, and making a clean sweep of the sewage with the subsoil water, the storm water, and the town water, right away into the sea. It was a struggle between science and short-sighted and conceited common sense. The latter was victorious for the time being, but it has not long enjoyed its victory. Meantime the Metropolitan ratepayers have had to "pay the piper," and we must come back after all to the principles of the sanitary engineers.

London is not the only town that has been punished for the headstrong blunder of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Their example has been followed by the authorities of other towns, and even where the conditions are much more favourable to the plan of throwing the sewage into the sea, the system has proved a failure. Captain Calvert gives the following instances of the experience of various places where the sweeping away system has been tried. "At Brighton, a slight sewage deposit forms upon the shore; at Ramsgate, the foreshore, when uncovered, is observed to be fouled by accreted sewage matter; sewage sludge deposits in the bay between Dover Harbour and Shakespeare Cliff; at Bootle, near Liverpool, a shore of fine sand has been converted by sewage into a mass of impassable mud; the bathing upon the shore at Southport has been interfered with by sewage accumulations; in Southampton river, though the sewage was discharged at a spot swept by a swift ebb, dredging had to be employed to remove the deposit from the outfall." Captain Calvert may well ask whether "if the solids of sewage were deposited in these several instances where there was the action of the wave-stroke, the scour of the current, and the admixture of pure water to prevent it, it can be seriously contended that a similar result does not follow in mid-Thames, where there is nearly an entire absence of these controlling powers." It is, indeed, manifest that "a tremendous mistake," as the *Times* says, has been committed, and the extent of the mistake, the responsibility for it, and the best remedies ought to be at once made the subject of a thorough inquiry.

POLLUTION OF RIVERS.

The short time during which the Pollution of Rivers Act has been in operation has sufficed to show, if proof were needed, the practical inutility of the measure. The nominal intention of the Act was to make "further provision for the prevention of the pollution of rivers." Its practical effect is to legalise toleration to, and to grant immunity for, such pollutions as already exist, and even to encourage new pollutions from manufactures and mines.

The provisions of the Act relate to three separate classes of pollution—the first of solid refuse, such as cinders; the second of sewage; the third of mining and manufacturing refuse. The first part seems to us to fall short of due prevention, and, if so, it will be seen that there is little hope of its effecting subsequent cure. It enacts that any person who puts solid refuse into a stream, "so as either singly, or in combination with other similar acts of the same or any other person, to interfere with its due flow, or to pollute its waters," shall be deemed to have committed an offence under the Act. Also we read that in proving interference with the due flow of any stream, or in proving the pollution, evidence may be given of repeated acts which together cause such interference or pollution, "although each act taken by itself may not be sufficient for the purpose."

These sentences are badly and absurdly worded, but we should understand from them that the law is to this effect. Obstruction or pollution is to be an offence; where an obstruction or pollution has been actually committed by one or more persons, then any one act of one of such persons, which act has helped to create the obstruction or pollution, becomes an offence; but until an obstruction or pollution has been actually caused, no offence has been committed by anyone. When obstruction, &c., has once been created, then everyone who can be proved to have helped in the work has committed an offence. If this interpretation of ours is correct, the Act stultifies itself at the outset; it tolerates the petty acts which in combination do mischief, until they have effected mischief; it does not shut the door until the horse has been stolen. The Thames Conservancy Acts make it an offence to throw any rubbish generally into the Thames; there is no need under them to prove the creation of an actual obstruction; it stands to reason that each person who throws in a shovelful of cinders, or a dead pig, has made a contribution towards obstruction or pollution, and such a deed, under the Thames Acts, constitutes an offence in itself (which offence may be promptly punished at Petty Sessions by fine, &c.). We look in vain for an extension of this principle, and of its summary enforcement, to all other rivers of England. Under the Act before us no such injection of cinders, &c., is an offence, until the river has become actually choked; and even then all that a court of summary jurisdiction can do is to order the offender to abstain from the commission of such offence, and if he continues to disobey it can then fine him 50*l*. Such provisions will have no effect upon bargemen, cottagers, &c., who by daily indolence make a dustheap or cesspool of a river. The Aire and Calder were shown, by evidence at a recent examination, to be systematically liable to sudden overflow, by reason of their beds being raised by the deposit of solid refuse in the channels. This is what requires to be stopped in all rivers. It can in no way affect interests of trade to insist that rivers shall not be made dust-bins; on the other hand, it is important that navigation should not be impeded, nor low-lying districts constantly flooded. Until this part of the Act shall be assimilated to the provisions in this

respect of the Thames Conservancy Acts, it will be practically a dead letter. At present no proceedings can be taken, even under this part of the Act, until the offender has had two months' notice of intention to proceed. It would be small use for the Conservancy to be constantly dredging, if they had no means of punishing every idle stoker who chose to rake out his cinders or to shoot his surplus ballast into the stream; one conviction for such an offence soon checks others, when they know that eyes are upon them. The police reports annually reveal convictions in London under this part of the Thames Acts, and it is a pity that the framers of the Rivers Pollution Act did not take the Thames Acts as their models in this respect. It is needless to say that the Acts relating to the special protection of the Thames and other rivers are in no way prejudiced by this new and effete piece of general legislation.

The second and third parts of the Act, relating to sewage and to mining and manufacturing pollutions, may be in most points considered simultaneously. Each part opens well, by premising that it is an offence to pour in pollution. The self-stultification then commences. Where pollution already exists, or is in the process of commission, no offence is to be held to be committed if the polluter has used the best available means to purify his filth before turning it into the stream. The question as to whether his means so employed are the best, is to be settled by the inspector appointed by the Local Government Board, or by appeal to the Board itself. We can quite understand that certain manufacturing interests, which have by long usage obtained a prescriptive right at law to ply a noxious trade, would be seriously imperilled if it were made compulsory for all such pollution to be fully purified or diverted. At the same time, the Board should have discretion vested in them to decide whether, after all, it is necessary for the polluter to pour his filth at all into the stream. It may be less costly for him to divert it, or to consume it on land, than to purify it before pouring it into a river; but while they have power to compel him to use even costly processes to purify (and perhaps only partially purify) his filth, they have none to compel him to divert it, if it should be totally incapable of purification, even though the process of diversion may be simple and comparatively inexpensive. Lastly, they have no powers, where the interests of those down stream require pure water, and are in excess of the interests that desire to pollute, to compel the diversion of pollution in any shape, and to award compensation for the loss of vested interests.

Again, in the case of mining and manufacturing refuse, no private individual may take proceedings, however much he may feel aggrieved. The local sanitary authority alone can move in the first instance, and then only on the consent of the Local Government Board. If, however, the sanitary authority refuses to interfere, this aggrieved private individual may then appeal to the Local Government Board, and if he can persuade them, they may direct the sanitary authority to proceed. This machinery is unnecessarily cumbrous. We can quite understand that it may be prejudicial to established manufacturing interests, to be suddenly interfered with, without due notice and final compensation. But the same immunity is given to any one person who, after this date, commences to poison a river which may be the drinking supply of towns or villages below. He cannot be touched at all for twelve months from the date of the passing of the Act; even then the Local Government Board must consent to proceedings being taken, and, last of all, they must give him two months' notice of intention to proceed. The only difference between the cases of the new and the old polluter is that the new one can (nominally) be fined under any circumstances, when the due time has expired; while the established polluter, who had been at work before the Act had passed, is safe if he, by certificate of the inspector, is "doing his best" to purify his filth before he puts it in.

We fully recognise the necessity of not sacrificing the interests of trade to a mere desire for the picturesque, or for the benefit of anglers, but there are sanitary considerations in many cases as strong as those of manufacture. Of course the common law as to nuisances, and the civil remedies for pollution by riparian proprietors, are in no way curtailed by this Act. But if the law in its old shape had been practically efficacious to check the nuisance, there would have been no need for the present Act. The Act as it exists is almost worse than useless. It stands in the way of any really sound measure which might be passed upon the basis of the clauses in the Thames Conservancy Acts already referred to; and its effect is really to strengthen the hands of those who pollute rivers, even when evidence is wanting to show that their interest in polluting is greater than the interests of down streams which require pure water and untainted air. Whatever may have been the other merits of the legislation of the past Session, we cannot credit the Act before us as "something attempted, something done," for public good.

ACROSTICS AND ACROSTICIANS.

When Uncle John asks his favourite niece Mary to spend a week with him, for the county and hunt balls, he must not be surprised if she brings with her a library which, for its dimensions, would reflect credit upon the good intentions of an undergraduate just starting for a long vacation reading party. He will ask, in wonder, what is the meaning of all this? Has the young lady turned blue-stocking? Does she contemplate Oxford Local Examinations; or has she just entered at Girton College? Not she; waltzing and lawn-tennis have still too many charms to allow her to be tempted to waste her sweetness in such fashions. Her library is composed solely of dictionaries, and its object is—the weekly solution of acrostics. If we recollect aright, the now defunct *Owl* was the pioneer in this sort of pabulum in newspaper columns. The *Queen* and *Vanity Fair* came next, and the *World*, the *Whitehall Review*, and later "society" journals, have followed suit. For a newly-established paper, the institution of weekly acrostics, with quarterly and yearly prizes to the most successful solvers, is by no means a bad medium of advertisement. A real enthusiast at acrostics scents from afar a new acrostic column in any publication. Acrosticians send up their guesses under *soubriquets*, but the same names appear in more than one paper, sometimes in as many as three and even four columns. Editors reserve to themselves the right of rejecting inelegant or cumbrous pseudonyms; but in spite of this, some solvers seem to go out of their way to coin the most outlandish names. "Soriggle-boggle," and "Gladdustokokibane," are by no means the most outlandish out of many which we might select. Some names are expressive of the family nature of the conclave which discusses the problems—"Auntie and I," "The Five Blackberries," "The Mad Tea-party," for example. Some are content simply to spell their names or addresses reverse way; "Yrrah Maharg," and "Resarf Alleb," do not want much divination to disclose Harry Graham or Bella Fraser; while "Egdol Yorztif" may safely be taken for Fitzroy Lodge. The prizes given, though not sufficient in value to repay the actual time and expense of solution, are still sufficiently attractive to make the task popular, when jealousy, interest, and the acquisition of information are also thrown into the scale. On the average, five guineas worth of prize may be won by the most successful solver of the quarter, and in some cases a yearly prize is given in addition. The same solver may not take two quarters' prizes in one year, so that there is less chance of a monopoly.

To a stranger, who takes no interest in acrostics, nor has a faculty for guessing them, a sudden arrival into a family acrostic circle produces bewilderment, and probably boredom. It may be five o'clock tea, and a new number of one of the acrostic newspapers has just come in. There is a rush for it, with hardly patience to cut the leaves before three or four eager heads are wedged together reading the list of solvers accredited with the solution of the preceding acrostic. If the party

have been right, great is the self-gratulation; if wrong, the editor is pretty sure to be besieged with letters from them, and from scores of other unsuccessful solvers, pleading that their solutions were at least as good as that of the composer, and should be admitted as parallel, and compatible with the sense of the riddle. Sometimes these appeals succeed, more often they fail; entirely according to the fiat of the editor, who must often find a difficulty in deciding where to draw the line. The solution of the last having been read, next comes the unravelling of the new knot. "What are the outsides," is the first question. Sometimes the outside, or perpendicular, words are plainly foreshadowed, and at once throw light upon the first and last letters of the several cross "lights." Sometimes, on the other hand, the outsides are but vaguely expressed in the "proem," or opening lines, and the only clue to them is in the simplicity of some of the lights. The stranger is pretty safe to be called upon to help. Here is a quotation; to whom does it refer? Here a Latin name, here an *équivoque* here a reference to history, and here to romance. Then the dictionaries come into play—classical, biographical, and orthographical—dictionaries of quotations and of dates. The stranger hardly sees the point of all this excitement, till he is informed that he is sitting in the middle of the celebrated "Wasp's nest," which has beaten every other competitor in that quarter, with the exception of the odious "Drones," and that the prize lies between the pair.

The acrostics, on the whole, are decently composed, more especially when it is remembered how much difficulty there is in being original from week to week. But composers are mortal, as well as solvers, and sometimes make ludicrous mistakes. They are not better informed as a rule than their *clientèle* of guessers, but have the advantage of knowing to what word or mutilation of a word they refer. They evidently fall back upon dictionaries, and have implicit faith in these compilations, a faith often abused, and which sometimes holds them up to ridicule. One composer wants a word beginning with *o* and ending in *c* to fill up his riddle. In an evil hour he consults an ill-informed dictionary, which defines "opodeldoc" as a *plaster*; so the composer gives as his question "Plaster, but not of Paris, fraught with healing quality." Fortunately for solvers there are so few words beginning and ending with these two letters, that are at all connected with the healing arts, that his blunder is understood and the required word given, though not without some sarcastic notes by sundry solvers. Another composer defines "icteric" (the English medical adjective for that which pertains to jaundice) as the "best of physic for liver out of sorts!" Like his fellow-composer above, he has been deluded by an ignorant dictionary. Another defines "entire" as a "mark of vassalage in many a street of London," and at once gets called to order by correspondents who are brewers, and who know better. The editor gets out of the difficulty as best he can, by crediting as correct all who send up "equipage" as the solution. "The man that hath not music in his soul is fit" for all sorts of evil doings. What, then, must we think of the editor who gives as a clue to "oboe," the line "clear in tone as silver-bell," and no more? While, to make matters worse in crediting solutions, he admits as correct all who sent "ophicleide," as well as the other word. The boy who plays the triangle in a volunteer band would be amused at such a description of the sounds of these two instruments, and still more at the idea of one description in common serving for the two. The majority of solvers seem not to have been thrown off the scent by this blunder; no doubt they looked well down the columns of their dictionaries, and finding no words more appropriate, used these as a *dernier ressort*, and with success; their eyes were more accurate than the editor's ear for music. Blunders such as these might be related by the page, but such as we have quoted suffice to show that a clever solver has not only to contend with the knowledge, but sometimes also with the ignorance of the acrostic editor. What use, some again may ask, is all this trouble in solving riddles? Well, a man of business can certainly find better subjects for his brains and time; and we do not doubt that the real names veiled behind the hundreds and even thousands of pseudonyms which weekly appear in acrostic columns, would show but very few professional or public men engaged in the task. A clever or well-informed man may see his way quicker than the majority through an *équivoque*, or may recall the reference of a quotation which escapes or has never been read by others. But as he is not omniscient, he will not succeed in the filling up entire solutions unless he is ready to spare time in searching dictionaries for out-of-the-way cookery terms, obscure biographies of fourth-rate characters of the middle ages, obsolete slang from glossaries, or the latitudes and longitudes of villages of a few hundreds population. For this reason but few men solve for themselves; those who do so are mostly of the idle class of ladies' men, and by far the greater majority of solutions are worked out and sent up by ladies. Not that the latter usually work single-handed, or confine their allies to their own sex. Fathers, brothers, cousins, and admirers are all pressed into the service, and the more popular a young lady is, the more help will she get from her masculine acquaintances. There is no better excuse for dropping in to five o'clock tea than to ask Miss Lily or Lady Vere how she is getting on with the new acrostic, and to volunteer assistance. When a quarter comes near its end, and there is a close contest between two or three competitors, the use of the telegraph wires would astonish the uninitiated. Not only, to save time, are puzzling lights telegraphed to and from distant allies, and references suggested to this or that book for the required information, but also the solutions themselves, telegraphed in amended forms, keep pouring in upon the editor, as the hour for closing draws near. The amount of money spent in the year in correspondence and telegrams (let alone the purchase price of the papers) will often come pretty near to the value of the prizes, even if won; and how many must spend their time and money without success! But for young ladies, and even for idle young men, the pursuit does good. We do not mean in the sense of its being an excuse for flirtation, or a cover for innocent correspondence, as hints and helps are given and received; but we mean that much sound information is picked up by the forced research which the solution of acrostics entails, and that wits are sharpened by being strained, instead of being allowed to grow rusty from *sans souci* existence. Girls, as a rule, are too prone to consider their education at an end the day they come out, attend their first dinner-party, and are emancipated from the governess. If studies were placed before them in a plain form of lesson, they would avoid them as an unnecessary nuisance; but when dressed up in the garb of riddles, they swallow them as readily as children in the nursery do their powders in jam. A "light" that bears upon some historical, geographical, or scientific subject entails research, and the chances often are that the seeker, finding the reference in question, may be induced, as a mere matter of curiosity, to read up many more facts connected with it than just the bare information requisite to solve the riddle at issue. Even if the reading is confined to the latter detail alone, something is gained, and something may be retained in the memory. If, therefore, the only recommendation to acrostics were that they find employment for young women, and cause them to look up much information of which they would otherwise have remained in ignorance, and also exercise their wits upon a weekly whetstone, the innovation would be welcomed for that reason alone as an acquisition to literature.

THE CAFÉS OF PARIS.

Since the dear old days of François Procope the *cafés* of Paris have been continually on the increase till now there is no end to their number and variety. Could

indeed that enterprising Sicilian be granted a glimpse of the modern Babylon he would be not a little surprised at the thousand luxurious imitations of the once favourite resort in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. If in a future state we pay in like coin the penalty of mundane deeds, surely this originator of the *café* here is doomed eternally to play at dominos, and to for ever watch an hour-glass measure out in infinitesimal grains quarries upon quarries of sand! For these establishments, are they not mostly the refuge of time-wasters, the asylums of idlers?

Some of them are intensely amusing, some painfully dull. There is the conventional *café* of the boulevards, that we all know, with its bright frescoed ceilings and walls, and its dazzling lustres, illuminating with their glare group upon group of endless Parisian types as they sit smoking, drinking, and playing, each and all engaged upon the great mortgage of time. Then there is the *café* of the side street—a soporific establishment—with its drowsy *patron* at the entrance, its moody waiters, and its taciturn *habitués*. Then, again, the less known *brasserie* whose smoke-dimmed mirrored walls reflect the moving figures of a dozen sirens as they hover from the laughing student to the sober *employé*. These last are but sparsely scattered over Paris, except in the Quartier Latin, where they abound; they are the centres to which student life converges, the emporiums of Quartier Latin intrigue, and romance could not furnish a mesh more complex and tangled than the mass of complication and scandals daily spun and unspun within their walls. At some of these, the young ladies wear a uniform; but this has been objected to by the police, and, in a few cases, put a stop to, as, for instance, in the case of one nicknamed the "Ecossaise," where the Highland dress might be seen in all its pristine beauty. At the Café de Médici, they still dress in blue uniform and lace-caps —a merry place on Sunday nights, greatly frequented by students and the military. There are hosts of others —the Source, the Café des Ecoles, the Chericobbler, and, noisiest of all, one in the Rue de la Harpe. Here, on a sort of daïs at the further extremity of the room, music and dancing are the order of every evening, and are continued sometimes far into the night, amidst the loud revelry of lookers-on. These places are much visited by wandering minstrels and mendicants of every kind, whose instinct tells them to catch human nature in her merry moods. So that while you sit there in a reverie, you are liable to be awakened by the low moan of a flute, and, looking up, you see an old white-haired man, broken and worn, regarding you with senile smiles, and blowing the last remnants of his breath away—or maybe some sun-scorched ragged urchin of Savoy, holding a bunch of withered flowers in his hands, and gazing pleadingly, with his large eyes, into your face.

But more amusing than any of these is perhaps that hybrid establishment, the *café-concert*. Not that of the Eldorado or Alcazar class—those hot, crowded, glaring saloons upon the boulevards—where all is vacuous pretentiousness and vain dissipation; but those many smaller *cafés* of the Montmartre, St. Denis, Mont Parnasse type, where the amusement is not supplementary but free, and as inseparable from the *consommation* as the *petit verre* from the cup of over-burnt coffee.

There is something refreshing about the easy understanding that exists between all parties at these lesser *cafés*; the singers are not those isolated unapproachable beings of the larger stage; there is no impassable gulf between the *ouvrier* and the comic man; and a lively interchange of pleasantries is kept up with unchanging amiability. These places vary according to the *quartier* in which you find them, and there is a marked difference in the style of the singers, the *habitués* and the scale of prices, as you near the *barrières*; in fact, often in their immediate neighbourhood you get none but a bloused audience. The earnings of the singers fluctuate between two and five francs a night, and rarely, if ever, exceed the latter amount. Not less seldom do the singers rise to the higher sphere of more reputed entertainments, but revolving around a given circle of admirers, move from one *café* to another, generally, however, limiting these changes to one quarter. To them history is juster than to many heroes; the details of their career are discussed and balanced in their little world, and a Court Circular could not more accurately record the trivial actions of princes than do their admirers their every step in public and private life.

Of the hundreds of these *cafés-concerts* that tend to enliven the rather gloomy faubourgs, the Café de Musette may be taken as a fair specimen. This is a *café* visited, after their day's work is done, by the *boutiquiers* and *ouvriers* of the Faubourg St. Denis, where they mass together to listen to the performances of their favourites. It is somewhat crowded at times, especially on Sunday nights, but everybody is so *complaisant* and the entertainment so diverting that comfort is readily dispensed with. Indeed, one night at the Café de Musette, the place was so crammed that a band of *gamins* coming in a little late made the spiral staircase their gallery; and so pleased were they at their good fortune in finding a place that they formed themselves into a voluntary *claque* during the performance and scattered broadcast their approval of the songs and singers in the purest *argot*. The Café de Musette is not large, but accommodates a considerable audience, the *patron* having economised space to the last available corner by ranging benches in close file from one end of the room to the other with a strip of board facing each in pew fashion whereon are placed the various *consommations*. The stage, placed in one corner of the room, is at most eight feet long by four feet wide, so that there is not more than enough room for the three ladies seated there; nevertheless, with histrionic tact, they assume an air of comfort though they have it not, and fan themselves in languishing ease as the room fills with their admirers; but the comic, a great gun at these places, is obliged to find a resting place with any intimates he may have among the crowd. The entertainment being free the singers judge it their right to indulge in a few irregularities, especially in the way of humorous interpolations, and modify the programme according to their taste or disposition. At eight o'clock not a seat is vacant, and the *sergent de ville* entering, there are general signs of a beginning. The winking lustres brighten, and wink again; the gentleman of the large shirt front and Bardolphian nose, after a due arrangement of his rings and cuffs, sprawls an overture upon a jarring piano; and the three ladies on the stage, having adjusted their wayward toilet, fan themselves with renewed energy, as if to rouse the flickering inspiration of their languid souls. These preliminaries at an end, the centre one rises smilingly, and approaches the foot-lights. Even whilst sitting, she had a somewhat formidable appearance as she towered over her slim sisters; but now that she has risen, it is clear that an Amazon is before us. She holds a scroll of music in her fat fingers; and when, with an almost threatening gesture, she begins her song, she literally "fills the stage." Her voice is deep and tremulous; and as she quavers forth each point of sentiment, how graceful are the circles she describes with her huge arms! Not less graceful is her slight but stately recognition of the plaudits showered down upon her when her song is ended; and when recalled, she turns like some great world to give the lesser stars their turn. Several songs follow, both comic and sentimental, and even a dance is essayed, but got through with indifferent success upon the narrow space; but this is cause for much laughter, and the audience encourage the attempt. Then there is a pause, and this occasion is seized by the bevy of *gamins* on the staircase for the indulgence of a little chaff, so they eagerly look round the room in search of some object against whom to point their personalities. Generally their choice falls upon the *jeunes filles*, nor are they satisfied till they have set them all blushing and giggling in turn. In the meantime, the comic man is busily engaged behind a rusty curtain preparing himself for an ovation.

Presently the curtain flies aside, and he strides the stage with a jaunty self-pleased air, costumed *en Anglais* with all the appropriate incongruities. The audience is delighted, for now they will be treated to the magnified eccentricities of a John Bull that can be gone through in twenty minutes. The comic, in the choice of his toilet, like a true artist, has gone in for large and striking effects. His high white hat he has perched well at the back of his head, while he concentrates all the gaping stupidity he can muster between two bristling red whiskers; his suit of brown tweed is a mass of yawning pockets, and bespotted with the quaintest diagrams, and there is an uncomfortable plenitude about his collar and wrist-bands. In an execrable accent he recounts, to the delight of the audience, the many mishaps he has had in the city, and the performance coming to an end with a *gigue anglaise*, the company disperses echoing "English spoken," "Yes, yes," and other familiar sounds.

CHAMPAGNE.

There is a popular beverage of more or less purity, of more or less strength, of more or less cheapness. It is chiefly of British growth, but assumes a continental fitfulness and sparkle. It is considered exhilarating, and is too light to be seriously indigestible. We call it champagne. Supercilious critics cavil sometimes, and say it ought to be called something else, yet at bland moments they are known to drink it favourably and to avow that, under some other name, such as sparkling Saumur, sparkling Mosel, sparkling Hamburgh, or what not, it may pass muster as a cheering and economical luxury. Supercilious critics with no bland moments say harsher things, and demand sincerity, clearness, even strength, for their draughts, refusing the joys of briskness and froth alone; but the merrier multitude lets them say their say and quaffs its cheap excitement.

Which things are an allegory. For, if our wine-merchants flood the concourse of thirsty palates with champagne enough to drown the Champenois departments under a navigable sea, our book-merchants turn on for the supply of the reading public unintermitting mains from bottomless reservoirs of literary champagne unknown to the vineyards of Minerva. The receipt for the manufacture is simple enough: take an uncertain amount of ignorance, twice the quantity of miscellaneous information; equal quantities of self-assertion, recklessness, and joke-making; a double proportion of imitativeness; add a seasoning of shrewdness, tact, and irreverence; mix, and you have the effervescence. If you have little else than effervescence, no matter; for who drinks champagne to be fed? You have had a palatable draught and are not athirst, you have tasted briskness and feel somewhat the brisker; presently, supposing no particular poison or surreptitious fusel to have gone to the compound, you are as you were before it passed your lips, no better but unrepenting.

Yet it may be questioned whether this literary champagne making and champagne drinking is a good thing for the world. The champagne makers might perhaps be using their ingenuity to more edifying purpose, the champagne drinkers might undoubtedly be employing their appetites more nutritiously. Admitting that a beverage is in itself innoxious, it does harm by the mere fact of the substitution, if it takes the place of muscle-making food; and, beyond that, if it does take the place of muscle-making food, it ends by enervating the digestion for it and creating not merely a distaste but an incapacity. People who grow into the habit of reading without tasting, of swallowing a sweet and sapid froth which leaves no after-trace on the palate, will not attempt severer flavours and the tonic zests of vigorous writers. You might as well try to feed a butterfly on beefsteak as to get them to spend their minds on a book which asks them to understand it if they would enjoy it, and to think about it before they admire. They must have nothing which can tempt them to skip, and nothing which, if the fancy takes them to skip, can lose importantly by the process. For them the poet is not merely to make his meaning intelligible to the ordinarily intelligent—which poets must do, on penalty of becoming obsolete with the ancient oracles, as irrelevant in an age too much in a hurry for guessing—but his meaning must be so self-evident and familiar as not to demand the exertion of any intelligence at all. The novelist must stimulate curiosity, but must not demand consideration; if he wants reflections he must make them himself, and, if he is judicious, he puts them in a detached and garnishing manner, so that they form creditable adornments and give an idea of finish without getting in any way mixed up with the story. He may intersperse classical and mythological allusions, for nobody minds them, they are only scintillating bubbles which brighten the whole and compel no separate attention; he may quote in unknown tongues from unknowable authors, and may make his characters vary their conversation through four or five modern languages as if they were incarnations of Murray's Travel-talk, for nobody need be at the trouble of construing, and one foreign remark does as well for flavouring as another; he may even write with a purpose, for a purpose is a who-runs-may-read sort of sign-post, and gives the reader no trouble. But he must not in any way require the employment of fatiguing faculties; his work must be a substitute for thought and imagination, not a promoter of them.

As to the historian, his office as caterer for the champagne drinkers of literature is chiefly to resemble their novelists as much as he can. Facts get in his way and limit his plot, but, on the other hand, he has more space than the novelist for effective amplification, and his imagination may riot unchecked in description, while his right to be readable and his duty to be instructive warrant him in any amount of time-honoured and humorous reflection.

When he finds himself getting dull from the political nature of his theme he must break the monotony by a sudden skittishness and sarcasm, an irrepressible liveliness, as of champagne with the froth off spurting up again when stirred by a piece of bread; and, where there has been too long a spell of mere battles and sieges and military manœuvres, and the unstrategical mind is likely to weary of so much war to so little romance, he must, if there be still no dramatic incident to hand, resort to general pathos and remind his readers of the silence and coldness of the slain on the battle-field at night and the tears of the young wives and unconscious babes at home. Yet with all his ingenuity, let him be never so startling and never so platitudinarian, never so pictorial, never so pathetic, never so witty, never so pretty, let him be the very froth and cream of champagne, he will not enjoy the widest popularity. His distinguishing quality is against him: he is dry champagne (*absit verborum lusus*), and the sweet kinds are more favourite with his public. You cannot be an historian and quite leave out the history. And history is apt to get mixed up with dates and charters and treaties and other heavy matter repulsive to an unsophisticated taste.

But, if the historian loses by his themes, the essayist has no like hindrance from his. It is proper and intellectual to read essays; the occupation has on a week-day the same sort of virtuousness as there is in that of reading sermons on a Sunday, and it offers besides an evidence of the possession of a cultivated and well-balanced mind. And, as there is no reason in the nature of things that an essayist should say anything one need stop to think about in the reading or remember when read, an essay on quite a profound subject may be as unexacting a pastime as a novel. If you want champagne literature combined with a consciousness—on *your* part, for whether the essayist has or has not a similar consciousness is immaterial to the argument—a consciousness of intelligence and goodness, you can find to your purpose essays on Heaven, Earth, Hell, Virtue, Vice, Church-going, Spirit-rapping, Rouge, Modesty, The Fine Arts, Shakespeare, and The Musical

Glasses, which will fulfil every condition of the laziest student and of the most zealous disciple of names. You can have your champagne, gooseberry or otherwise, and call it, if you will, communion wine. Will much of it be good for you? That is another matter.

POETRY.

ONCE.

I set a lily long ago;
I watched it whiten in the sun;
I loved it well, I had but one.
Then summer-time was done,
The wind came and the rain,
My lily bent, lay low.
Only the night-time sees my pain—
Alas, my lily long ago!

I had a rose-tree born in May;
I watched it burgeon and grow red,
I breathed the perfume that it shed.
Then summer-time had sped,
The frost came with its sleep,
My rose-tree died away.
Only the silence hears me weep—
Alas, lost rose-tree! lost, lost May!

The garden's lily blows once more;
The buried rose will wake and climb;
There is no thought of rain and rime
After, next summer-time.
But the heart's blooms are weak;
Once dead for ever o'er.
Not night, not silence, knows me seek
My joy that waned and blooms no more.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER LII.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

In the early morning—the morning of farewell—we stood at the small window—we two who were leaving—and tried to fix in our memories some picture of the surroundings of Bell's home; for we knew that many a time in the after days we should think of her and endeavour to form some notion of what she was engaged in at the moment, and of the scene around her. And can we remember it now? The sunlight seems to fall vertically from that blazing sky; and there is a pale mist of heat far up in the mountains, so that the dark pine-woods appear to have a faint blue fog hanging around them. On the barer slopes, where the rocks project in shoulders, there is a more brilliant light; for there the undergrowth of cotton-wood bushes, in its autumn gold, burns clear and sharp, even at this distance. And then the eye comes down to the still valley, and the scattered white houses, and the small and rustling trees. We seem to hear the running of the stream.

And what was that little bit of paper thrust furtively, almost at the last moment, into our Bell's trembling hand? We did not know that we had been entertaining a poetess unawares among us; or had she copied the verses out of a book, just as one takes a flower from a garden and gives it as a token of remembrance—something tangible to recall distant faces and bygone friends?

O Idaho! Far Idaho!
A last farewell before we go——

—that was all that the companion of this unhonoured Sappho managed to make out as the paper was snatched from her hand. No doubt it invoked blessings on the friends to whom we were bidding good-by. No doubt it spoke of the mother's thinking of her children far away. And there certainly was no doubt that the verses, whether they were good verses or bad verses, served their turn, and are treasured up at this moment as though their like had never been seen.

On that warm, clear, beautiful morning, when the heavy coach came rolling up to the door of the inn, Balfour and Lady Sylvia did not at all seem broken down by emotion; on the contrary, they both appeared to be in high spirits. But our poor Bell was a wretched spectacle, about which nothing more shall be said here. Her last words were about her children; but they were almost inaudible through the violence of her sobbing. And we knew well, as we caught the last glimpse of that waved handkerchief, that this token of farewell was not meant for us: it was but a message we were to carry back with us across the seas, to a certain home in Surrey.

Hier hat die Mär' ein Ende; and yet the present writer, if he is not over-taxing the patience of the reader, would like to say a word about the fashion in which two people, living pretty much by themselves down in the solitudes of Surrey, used to try to establish some link of interest and association with their friends far away in Colorado; and how, at these times, pictures of bygone scenes would rise before their minds, soft, and clear, and beautiful, for the troubles and trials of travelling were now all forgotten, and the pleasant passages of our journeying could be separated and strung like lambent beads on the thread of memory.

Or shall we not rather take, as a last breach of confidence, this night of all the nights in the year—this Christmas eve—which we more particularly devote to our dear and absent friends? It is now drawing away from us. We have been over to Bell's almost deserted house; and there, as the children were being put to bed, we heard something about Idaho. It was as near as the little girl could get to it; it will suffice for a message.

And now, late as it is, and our own house being wrapped in silence after all the festivities of the evening——well, to tell the truth, there *was* a wild turkey, and there *were* some canvass-back duck; and we were not bound to tell two eagerly inquisitive boys that these could not well come from Colorado, though they did come from America—a madness seems to come over our gentle Queen Titania, and she will go out into the darkness, though the night is cold, and there is snow on the ground. We go forth into the silent world. The thin snow is crisp and dry underfoot. The stars are shining over our heads. There is no wind to stir the black shadows of the trees.

And now, as the time draws near when we are to send that unspoken message to the listening ones across the seas, surely they are waiting like ourselves? And the dark night, even up here on Mickleham Downs, where we go by the dusky yew-trees like ghosts, becomes afire with light, and colour, and moving shapes; for we are thinking once more of the many scenes that connect us by an invisible chain with our friends of the past. How long ago was it that we sat in the long saloon; and the fog-horn was booming outside; and we heard Lady Sylvia's tender voice singing with the others, "Abide with

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me; fast falls the eventide," as the good ship plunged onwards and through the waste of waters? But the ship goes too slow for us. We can outstrip its speed. We are already half-way over to Bell's retreat; and here we shall rest; for are we not high over the Hudson, in the neighbourhood of the haunted mountains?—and we have but to give another call to reach the far plains of Colorado!

. . . . . .

Ho, Vanderdecken—Heinrich Hudson—can you take our message from us and pass it on? This is a night, of all the nights in a long year, that you are sure to be abroad, you and your sad-faced crew, up there in the lonely valleys, under the light of the stars. Can you go still higher and send a view-halloo across to the Rocky Mountains? Can you say to our friends that we are listening? Can you tell them that something has just been said—they will know by whom—about a certain dear mother at Idaho? Give a call, then, across the waste Atlantic, that we may hear! Or is it the clamour of the katy-dids that drowns the ghostly voice? We cannot hear at all. Perhaps the old men are cowering in their cave, because of the sacred time; and there is no mirth in the hills to-night; and no huge cask of schnapps to be tapped, that the heavy beards may wag. Vanderdecken—Hendrick Hudson—you are of no use to us: we pass on: we leave the dark mountains behind us, under the silent stars.

. . . . . .

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favouring air!
Blow, breezes, blow; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Look at the clear gold ray of the lighthouses; and the pale green of the sunset skies; and the dark islands and trees catching the last red flush. And is not this Bell's voice singing to us, with such a sweetness as the Lake of a Thousand Islands never heard before—

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

The red flame in the West burns into our eyes; we can see no more.

. . . . . .

We are startled by this wild roaring in our ears, as if the world were falling; and we are in a mystical cavern; and the whirling grey cataracts threaten to tear us from the narrow foot-hold. Our eyes are blinded; our throats are choked; our fingers still clutch at the dripping rocks; and then all at once we see your shining and smiling face—you giant black demon—you magnificent Sambo—you huge child of the nether world of waters! We KENT GO NO FORDER DEN DAWT? *Is that what you say? We shoot to you through this infernal din that we can—we can—we can! We elude your dusky fingers. We send you a mocking farewell. Let the waters come crashing down; for we have dived—and drifted—and come up into the white sunlight again!*

. . . . . .

And now there is no sound at all. We cannot even hear Bell's voice; for she is standing silent in front of the Chief's grave; and she is wondering whether his ghost is still lingering here, looking for the ships of the white man going up and down the great river. For our part, we can see none at all. The broad valley is deserted; the Missouri shows no sign of life; on the wide plains around us we find only the reed-bird and the grasshopper. Farewell, White Cow; if your last wish is not gratified, at least the silence of the prairie is reserved to you; and no alien plough crosses the solitude of your grave. You are an amiable ghost, we think; we would shake hands with you, and give you a friendly "How?" but the sunlight is in our eyes, and we cannot see you, just as you cannot make out the ships on that long line of river. May you have everlasting tobacco in the world of dreams!

. . . . . .

You infamous Hendrick Hudson, will not you carry our message now—for our voices cannot reach across the desert plains? Awaken, you cowled heads, and come forth into the starlight; for the Christmas bells have not rung yet; and there is time for a solemn passing of the glass! High up in your awful solitudes, you can surely hear us; and we will tell you what you must call across the plains, for they are all silent now, as silent as the white skulls lying in the sand. Vanderdecken, for the sake of Heaven—if that has power to conjure you—call to our listening friends; and we will pledge you in a glass to-night, and you and your ghastly crew will nod your heads in ominous laughter——

. . . . . .

But what is this that we hear, suddenly shaking the pulses of the night with its tender sound? O friends far away!—do you know that our English bells are beginning to ring in the Christmas-time? If you cannot hear our faint voice across the wild Atlantic and the silent plains, surely you can hear the sounds you knew so well in the bygone days! Over the crisp snow, and by the side of the black trees and hedges, we hurry homewards. We sit in a solitary room; and still we hear outside the faint tolling of the bells. The hour nears; and it is no dire spirit that we expect; but the gentle soul of a mother coming with a message to her sleeping children, and stopping for a moment in passing to look on her friends of old.

And she will take our message back, we know; and tell that other young wife out there that we are glad to hear that her heart is at peace at last. But what will the invisible messenger take back for herself? A look at her children: who knows?

A second to twelve. Shall we give a wild scream, then, as the ghost enters; for the silence is awful? Ah, no. Whether you are here or not, our good Bell, our hearts go forth towards you; and we welcome you; and we are glad that, even in this silent fashion, we can bring in the Christmas-time together. But is the gentle spirit here; or has it passed? A stone's-throw from our house is another house; and in it there is a room dimly lit; and in the room are two sleeping children. If the beautiful mother has been here with us amid the faint tolling of these Christmas bells, you may be sure she only smiled upon us in passing, and that she is now in that silent room.

LITERATURE.

THOREAU.

Thoreau: his Life and Aims. A Study. By H. A. Page. London: Chatto and Windus.

Had Lord Chesterfield enjoyed the advantage of knowing the works of Mr. Mill, he certainly would not have omitted to add the 'Essay on Liberty' to the list of books indispensable to a finished gentleman. We should, all of us, beyond question, be improved in social bearing by a periodical study of that eloquent appeal for individual action, not, indeed, if we understood the arguments of the philosopher to excuse our own eccentricities, but if they induced us to bear with the oddities of others. Custom makes us far too intolerant of divergence. Even in so trifling a matter as the etiquette of a meal, we are easily disturbed by anything unusual. A whole tableful of intelligent persons will be put out of humour by a man who takes mustard with his mutton. To be served on the right hand instead of on the left positively unnerves us. With the advance of

years, indeed, in such small things as these, and in greater no less, custom, as Wordsworth says, "lies upon us with a weight heavy as frost and deep almost as life." To resist this in one way or another is the instinct of every young individuality; it is almost an unfailing sign of the existence of character, and to its first unsuccessful efforts we generally give the name of a spirit of revolt. Time, the great mellower, tames these heady revolutionists, and they become in time good citizens, as conventional as the rest of us. Daily contact with other men, the vast and silent pressure of the many on the one, soon suppress the volcanic energy; and if the rebel does not subside into a sober creature, he becomes a much more helpless thing—a mere eccentric. Consequently, those who have by temperament suffered most from conventionality, who have found it most impossible to live the slow life in the rut, have always been inclined to leave their fellows, and be solitary, hoping so to become, like gods, uninfluenced by any laws but the primal order of Nature. Rousseau found his solitude in the waste places of society—living among men, indeed, but choosing for his comrades those for whom the manners of luxurious life did not exist. Wordsworth retired into the shadow of Helvellyn, where the misty mountain-winds were free to blow against him, and the cataract was the only voice he heard; in that loneliness he fashioned his great melodies. Senancourt fled from mankind into the Alps, and heard the unknown spirit prophesy through the branches of the pine trees. Walt Whitman, a grosser man than these, loafed on the hot sand of Long Island, and freed his soul of prejudices by contemplating the grasses. Unlike all of them, yet with a certain analogy to each, is the austere New England hermit, the solitary of Walden Wood.

It is an unusual privilege to a philosopher if he gain as his practical disciple within his lifetime one man of genius. This rare satisfaction has been enjoyed by Emerson, who had the peculiar pleasure of seeing his own theories complacently carried into practice by Henry David Thoreau, one of the most graceful writers that Concord, that birthplace of genius, has produced. The master, born in 1803, was fourteen years senior to his disciple, and he has now survived him sixteen years. But it will always be impossible justly to estimate the long life of Emerson without reference to the brief tentative career of Thoreau. The latter was the son of a pencil manufacturer; he seems to have appeared a dull lad, being then, as he remained, entirely devoid of ambition. When the time came for him to embrace a profession, he declined to do so, and declared his intention of adopting a life of leisure. Emerson, however, whose biography of Thoreau is one of the most characteristic and valuable of its author's writings, seems hardly to be aware that he did consent to be a schoolmaster for a little while, and afterwards leisurely but efficiently practised as a land-surveyor. In 1839, being then twenty-two years of age, he and his brother John, who died early, built a boat together, and started on a voyage of exploration up the two rivers of the neighbourhood. The spirit in which Thoreau regarded Nature, and of which this voyage was the first public demonstration, was, as early as this, Emersonian in its pantheism, and checked from any mere vain enthusiasm by the habits of a naturalist. The delights of solitude, however, were scarcely tasted, for he had the companionship of his brother; yet there were hours in which they were each alone, enough to foster the growing intimacy between Thoreau and all living things not human, which the presence of another man disturbed. Very leisurely, like all Thoreau's doings, the story of this excursion was written down; and in 1849 this, his first book, appeared under the title of 'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.' But in the meantime he had been strangely employed. Brooding over the evils of civilisation, and longing to be freed from all the burdens of society, from useless talk and conventional action, he disappeared altogether from his home in Concord, and stationed himself in the forest, a little way off the high-road, near Walden Pond; and there in 1845 he built with his own hands a smallframed house, and made a little clearing round it, where he grew enough for his own sustenance. He lived here alone for two years and two months unmolested, and supporting life entirely by his own labour. His chief recreation was the study of natural history, particularly botany, and he became so expert in the observation of plants that he asserted that, if he fell into a trance, on waking he could have told the day of the month, within very close limits, by observing the flowering plants around him. But the strangest feature of all this strange existence was the entire confidence with which the animals of the forest came to regard their visitor. He never destroyed any living creature, and they regarded him at last with an almost impudent familiarity. The wood-mice were a presence that was not to be put by; the squirrels would nestle in his waistcoat like kittens; even the timid woodchuck would allow its tail to droop carelessly out of its hole, and not struggle if Thoreau, in passing by, lifted it by that convenient handle. Fishes, even, confessed his powers of fascination; he would catch them in his hand, and restore them to the stream after caressing their scaly sides. A little manual labour every day sufficed to provide for his needs; he was a person of the most sturdy physique, and required none but the simplest food. He spent the rest of his days in loafing about, observing plants and birds, and in a conscious, semi-rapturous communion with the life of the inanimate world. His nights were spent in reading Homer and in translating Æschylus; modern books were almost unknown to him, and entirely disregarded.

The character of Thoreau is summed up by Emerson in a series of negatives. "He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh; he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco; and though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun." The statement about the taxes refers to a singular incident which occurred soon after his return from Walden Wood, to live again as a citizen of Concord. For some curious reason, difficult to realise at this distance of time, he refused to pay his poll-tax, and, while going to the cobbler's to fetch a pair of boots, he was arrested and put in jail. He remained there twenty-four hours, analysing his sensations, cross-examining his fellow-prisoner, and enjoying himself very much. At last a friend paid the tax, Thoreau was released, and complacently proceeded to the cobbler's. Finding that the only result of his refusal was that his friends had to pay for him, he desisted from this whim, after some resistance. In 1854 he published 'Walden; or, Life in the Wood,' the only other book he brought out during his lifetime. It made a great sensation, for he had suddenly become famous by his attitude towards the Slavery Question, and in 1859 this was fanned into hostile notoriety by his enthusiastic defence of John Brown, by speech and writing—a good work, in which he surpassed the most ardent Abolitionists of New England. He, who had scarcely been out of Massachusetts, except for brief visits to Canada and Maine, took in 1860 a long journey into the Western States. Directly after his return, in the winter of that year, he fell a victim to science in almost precisely the way that is traditionally told of Lord Bacon, for, while dabbling in the snow to count the rings on trees, he was attacked by a bronchial complaint, under which he lingered in great suffering until May 8, 1861, when he died. His MSS. and scattered articles were collected and edited after his death in three volumes—'Excursions,' 1863, to which Emerson prefixed the memoir to which reference has been made; 'The Maine Woods,' 1864; and, lastly, 'The Yankee in Canada,' 1866.

It is difficult to say whether Thoreau is most worthy of attention as a stoic philosopher, as a descriptive writer, or as a naturalist; the three streams of thought ran parallel, but they scarcely intermingled. Yet it is by virtue of their united force that he is remembered, any one of these alone being insufficient to account for so wide a reputation. His philosophy was adopted from another man, his friend; his style, though original, is

not of the highest order; his researches as a naturalist were curious rather than deep. But the interesting point was the unexpected combination of pantheist, and stoic, and botanist in one nature. His exodus from the world into Walden Wood, his odd notions of duty to the State, his hatred of newspapers and ancient civilisations and social chat, may pass as oddities, amusing enough and important in studying the person Thoreau, but not of any moment in the history of thought. The same may be said of his scientific observation of the earth, his tender friendships with animals, his wide-eyed scrutiny of all minor forms of life. These were exquisite traits of personal character, but not of any wide importance. But his mental attitude towards the material world, the cosmic attraction that made him fly like a lover to the solitudes of wood and mountain, not out of dislike to humanity, but because he felt a more intimate and homely bond unite him with Nature outside man—this peculiar instinct, expressed with a modest sincerity that left no room for the charge of affectation, makes him a worthy object of our study. In this, at least, he was wholly original and unique. It is false to say that he avoided man as man; he only avoided him in his social and conventional aspects. He dearly loved the company of wild and sylvan persons, hunters, labourers on sequestered farms, and wandering Indians. These people reminded him of his familiar squirrels and wood-chucks; they were not anxious to talk the chatter of cities, or to affect opinions not their own. The greatest friend he seems to have had was "a true Homeric or Paphlagonian man," a Canadian wood-chopper, of whom he gives a detailed description, in his most characteristic style, and who may be taken as Thoreau's ideal man realised. This young man, like Thoreau himself, was chiefly negative; he did not possess any of the manners of civilised life, but cultivated an innocent and leisurely existence; "he was so genuine and unsophisticated that no introduction would serve to introduce him, more than if you introduced a wood-chuck to your neighbour." Perhaps the whole description of this "Paphlagonian man" will give the student a deeper insight into the mind of Thoreau than any other passage in his writings.

The style in which this simple pantheist recorded his worship and his reflection is founded on that of Emerson. It reminds us occasionally of Wordsworth, and oftener of Charles Lamb, but most of all of Emerson. Long meditation, and the almost unrelieved study of ancient Greek poetry, gave an odd turn to Thoreau's thought, and his periods are sometimes as brusque as we are told that his conversation was. It is sometimes very like the style of Walt Whitman, with all the coarseness and bad French left out, and without the lists of articles. When we read in Thoreau, "I scent no compromise in the fragrance of the water-lily," we perceive the source of much that is striking in Whitman, who is, indeed, to an extent unsuspected, the wayward scholar of Thoreau. The latter weaves numerous poetical passages into his books, especially into the 'Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,' where the animal spirits of the boy seem for ever bubbling into verse. These poems are a crux to the reader; they are never commonplace, they are often interpenetrated with poetical fancy; sometimes, as in the piece called "The Atlantides," they are on the brink of being extremely fine; yet they always miss perfection, and, taken out of the body of the book itself, they fade like wood-flowers. It was admirably said by Emerson that in the poems of Thoreau "the thyme and marjoram are not yet honey." As a descriptive naturalist, however, of the class of Wilson and Wallace, he takes a very high place indeed. We cannot give a clearer impression of his whole career than by describing him as a Yankee Gilbert White converted to Buddhism.

Such was the man whom Mr. Page has essayed to introduce to the English public. We cannot say that he has succeeded in producing a very satisfactory book. His volume is a mosaic of passages from the works of Thoreau and from those of his biographers, framed in a rhapsody of Mr. Page's own. But quotation tempered by eulogy is not exactly what we understand by the higher criticism; and so poorly constructed is Mr. Page's study, that he gives the reader no means of distinguishing Thoreau's articles from his books, and omits to give any dated list of the latter. The memoir by Emerson, so highly valued by all students of Thoreau, and absolutely essential to their conception of the man, has been very insufficiently laid under contribution by Mr. Page. Nevertheless, with all its defects, the book may serve to enlarge the circle of persons interested in a most remarkable writer.

ARCHÆOLOGY OF ROME.

The Archæology of Rome. By John Henry Parker. Parts IX., X., and XII. London: John Murray.

The two latest volumes of Mr. Parker's valuable series of works on Roman Archæology are fully as erudite and elaborate as those which have preceded them. The subjects they treat of, the tombs, Roman sculpture, and the catacombs, are of a more generally interesting nature than those dealt with in earlier volumes, the catacombs in especial being endeared to so many for reasons the reverse of historical. But if the matter of Mr. Parker's new volumes is more interesting to the average reading world than in earlier instances, the method of treatment pursued is exactly the same, and is not at all likely to render them more attractive than their fellows. The whole series is of immense value for purposes of reference, but not for enjoyable reading. The treatment is a little too dry, uniform, and methodic to admit of their being used for general reading, but regarded in their true light, as a series of elaborate articles from an ideal dictionary of Roman antiquities, their value becomes at once apparent. As usual, Mr. Parker devotes about half of each work to a general treatment of the subject in hand; while an elaborate appendix, which is almost invariably a treasure of valuable information, profusely illustrated, occupies the latter portion.

The unhappy student who, in these days of special study, should wish to know all about Rome, would soon find that, in attempting to master all we know about Rome, he has set himself an almost endless task, at the end of which he might perhaps hope to be qualified to appreciate all we do not know about Rome, and understand what a much vaster subject that was. Ever since the iconoclastic days of Niebuhr the world has become resigned to the demolition of many, if not most, of its favourite theories about "old Rome the seven-hilly," and only occasionally ventures to put in a plea for the seven kings so dear to our grandfathers and grandmothers, or to utter a plaint against the demolition of its most cherished legends. With the scientific study of history the scientific study of archæology has grown strong, and we are no longer content with the erudite confusion which satisfied the antiquarians of a past epoch, whose labours have occasionally served to retard rather than advance the cause they had at heart. Mr. Parker, in that one of the two last volumes which is devoted to the catacombs, points out an especial example of this in the reckless removal of inscriptions from the walls of catacombs to those of museums, cloisters, and monasteries, so that in many cases their date and identification are thus rendered impossible. In the catacombs Mr. Parker has had an especially difficult subject to deal with, for he has to fight against the popular prejudice in favour of the assumption as to their entirely Christian character, but he fights a good fight, applying the same tests, to use his own words, "to the legends respecting them that are applicable to all other legendary history." The extraordinary ideas generally prevailing with respect to these catacombs, ideas fostered for obvious reasons by those into whose hands they had come at last, Mr. Parker attacks mercilessly, and disproves in a manner which serves to show that it is almost as difficult to know anything certain about the Rome of the Early Christians as about the Rome of the Early Kings. The average visitor to Rome follows a guide through

one or two underground passages, and examines by flickering candle-light one or two of the objects—paintings or inscriptions—pointed out to him. He listens the while, if he knows sufficient Italian and is not too much occupied with reminiscences of Hawthorne's 'Transformation,' or with dreary ideas about the possibility of losing one's way in the gloomy depths, to the guide's rapid account of the sufferings of the devoted bands who lived there. He emerges to the upper air with a confused impression that the Early Christians must have had a very hard time of it indeed to have been driven to reside in such exceedingly disagreeable places; or, if sufficiently highly wrought, may objurgate Nero, and quote from Swinburne about the days when his gardens were lit with live torches. Such a visitor would probably be at once surprised and disappointed to learn how much slighter the connexion between early Christianity and these catacombs is than he imagines, while his feeling of bewilderment on finding out how much Paganism and Mithra-worship has to be taken, and how much early Christianity has to be given up, would probably be exceedingly great. Mr. Parker, in speaking of the paintings on the catacombs, seems to use the term "fresco" invariably. If we remember rightly, some of the early paintings are encaustic and not fresco paintings.

The work on the tombs has of necessity much that is vague and conjectural about it, and the researches of recent years have not greatly increased upon such store of knowledge as was possessed when Nibby wrote his Guide to Rome to illustrations by Giuseppe Vasi. Cecilia Metella is no less a name and nothing more to us than she was to Byron when he wrote his splendid rhapsody over

> the Lady of the dead
> Tombed in a palace.

It would have been no harm in the absolute dearth of knowledge for Mr. Parker to have mentioned Hobhouse's three conjectures, somewhat random though they be, as to the personality of the "wealthiest Roman's wife" whose love or pride built this "stern round tower of other days."

Mr. Parker always gets a great deal of his work done for him by various writers, whose contributions, being signed, are in no danger of being confused with his own, but he certainly ought to read them over, and see if they agree with his own statements, so as to avoid the absurdity of speaking of Quintus Sulpitius Maximus as being, "at the age of thirteen, the successful prizeman against fifty-two competitors in Greek and Latin verse," while in an article in the same volume, by Mr. C. J. Hemans, Sulpicius Maximus (the spelling, too, might be agreed upon) is made to have "died in his twelfth year." In the preface to the Tombs, in speaking of the custom of burning dead bodies, Mr. Parker might have introduced an appropriate quotation from the Twelve Tables:—

> Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito, neve urito.

The part on funereal sculpture among the Greeks and Romans is a compilation of essays by different authors. Signor Visconti treats of Pagan sculpture in his usual scholarly manner, but the other articles are not quite up to this level. The Rev. C. W. Jones writes on mythology in funereal subjects, and takes the trouble to tell us the story of Venus and Adonis, of Atalanta's race, of Cupid and Psyche, and of Prometheus in a manner possibly suitable for a cheap guide to Rome, but singularly out of place in an elaborate archæological work like the present, written for those who may at least be assumed to possess the rudiments of classical knowledge. He also indulges in a mild attempt at humour, which is not at all necessary, and plays gently with the solar myth. Professor Westwood writes on Early Christian sculpture, and regrets "the iconoclastic fury of Pagandom," to the oblivion apparently of the iconoclastic fury of Christendom. Professor Westwood also contributes an interesting paper on ivory carvings, and on the famous chair of St. Peter; and Mr. C. J. Hemans writes on recently discovered sculpture in Rome, amongst which the exquisite Esquiline Venus is perhaps the most important.

The defects of Mr. Parker's volumes are the defects which must occur in books not written by one person and not carefully revised, for the different writers must often cross each other's tracks, and contradictions are almost inevitable, but their merits are of a high order, entitling them to a prominent position in the literature of Roman archæology, and serving to show how much we have advanced since the days of Ciampini and D'Agincourt. Still we think that a little care might have greatly increased their value by making them a little more readable, a little less merely works of reference. But the difficulty of the task is sufficiently obvious. If the human being were to be found gifted with the prodigious memory of Macaulay, with the clear, comprehensive, and logical mind of Herbert Spencer, with the information necessary for the outfit of a modern Crichton, the picturesque and powerful prose of a tempered Ruskin, and John Stuart Mill's modest readiness to receive information, and were, like Arthur Schopenhauer, blessed with means sufficient to carry on any work on which he might be engaged without having the painful necessity of working for his daily bread and cheese, "such a wight, if ever such there were," would be the man to write *the* book of Rome—the book which shall contain all that the ordinary mortal may require to know without the necessity of wading through countless volumes—the book that is not to be found among all the names from Gell to Hare, which are connected with the subject. But we do not see the man, and the book yet remains to be written; probably will remain unwritten. Meanwhile, the literature relating to Rome increases daily in a piecemeal fashion, and we should be only too grateful as long as the additions are so valuable as those of Mr. Parker.

ARE YOU MY WIFE?

Are You My Wife? By Grace Ramsay. In Three Volumes. London: Tinsley and Co.

The new novel by the author of 'A Woman's Trials' and 'Iza's Story' is not, as its rather unfortunate title would lead us to suppose, a tale of bigamy and murder, nor does it altogether deserve to be classed with the novels which owe their interest mainly to a rapid succession of startling and sensational incidents. It is a curious and rather ingenious compromise between the purely domestic story, where the existence of crime is altogether ignored, and the plane of action for all the characters maintained within the possibilities of decent existence, and the sensational tale where elements of confusion of all descriptions are admitted and set to work out their conclusions to "the bitter end." In 'Are you my Wife?' the characters are all, with the exception of a step-uncle or so, high-minded, well-bred people, who conduct themselves irreproachably in their numerous trials, and yet they contrive to get involved in almost as many mysteries and exciting situations as if they had actually been bigamists and forgers, or at all events speculators of a very nefarious kind. We cannot say that a plot which thus aims at welding together two opposite styles of novel excellence is thoroughly artistic, or that its incidents are always strictly probable, but it has quite coherence enough to allow the author's bright sympathetic telling of her story to have its due influence; and when we have once made up our minds that "le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable," and yielded ourselves to the author's charm, we can easily, if we please, forget to question likelihoods, and grow excited over the gradually thickening difficulties and temptations that beset the hero's path till he is made happy at the end of the third volume with the right heroine. The defect which acts the part of evil genius to the hero of this tale, and lands him in the quandary where, through two volumes and a half, he remains in doubt as to who is "my wife," is nothing worse than a strain of morbid shyness in his character. This leads him, on

certain important occasions of his life, to act with the mingled precipitancy and secrecy to which proudly reserved people are sometimes tempted by their horror of observation. The story opens with the hero's—Clide de Winton—lonely motherless childhood, spent in a grim ancestral house in Wales, in the sole company of obsequious servants, who foster the child's fastidiousness into a morbid love of solitude. Into this household breaks suddenly a gay, imperious young step-mother, who fills the castle with fashionable visitors, and takes a malicious pleasure in parading her step-son, dressed in fanciful costumes, before her guests, setting herself in earnest, when she understands his malady, on drilling the proud, nervous boy in society manners and graces. "There seemed no end to the visitors before whom he was trotted out," and, to add to the child's nervous misery, sounds of revelry penetrated even to the distant lonely room, where he was put to bed after his nightly ordeal in the drawing-room was over, and brought a new sort of horror into his nightmare dreams. The result of these nightly sufferings is a fixed abhorrence of social pleasures of all kinds, and nothing grieves him so much as when it is sometimes hinted to him that he too, like his father, will some day bring a wife to the "Moat," and have to go through the ignominious ceremonies to which he had seen his father subjected, in the capacity of attendant-husband on a county beauty. Here is, clearly, motive enough provided for a secret, ill-advised marriage in the future of the story, and, as might have been expected, something of the kind is the starting-point of the hero's career of mystery and misfortune; but Clide de Winton does not behave in the ordinarily imprudent fashion which the situation suggests. He does not act the Lord of Burleigh; nor as so many another hero has done, when disgusted with society, did he make a helpless little girl the subject of an educational experiment to fit her for the proud position of his wife when grown up.

He passes through his Eton and Oxford career with less suffering from his idiosyncrasy than might have been expected, and is guilty of no other eccentricity when he comes of age than that of preferring prolonged wanderings in the backwoods of America to a quiet life in the Welsh castle, embittered, as he suspected it would be, by the attentions of sundry neighbouring mothers and daughters, who had set themselves the task of reclaiming him to society and matrimony. His freedom lasts some time. But while he is lingering imprudently by the falls of Niagara he falls in with a singular pair—a young girl of enchanting beauty, who sings like an Undine under the water-fall, and who is described as wearing "a dark green unconventional garment" (broidered doubtless with crewel work in a Morris pattern) "that draped her something after the fashion of a Roman stola," and a very objectionable attendant uncle, who wraps his head "in several miles of Shetland shawl," and is chiefly characterised by the fact of his having only decayed teeth in his head, and being the victim of perpetual tooth-ache—evidently a villain from the first glance at him, though the author, throughout the book, judiciously lets us hear more about his purgatory, the tooth-ache, than his crimes. The lovely Isabel wins the hero's heart by her childish *naïve* beauty, her exquisite voice, and her evident dread of her uncle's savage temper, perpetually exasperated by tooth-ache; and when she declines to make her uncle acquainted with Mr. de Winton's proposal for fear of aggravating him, Clide easily persuades her to let him carry out his old programme of a strictly private marriage. This they accomplish early one morning while the uncle is asleep after a night of agony. He gives no trouble, however, and the young husband and wife return to England, and are well received at the "Moat" by Clide's step-mother and friends. From this point the element of mystery in the story begins to show itself, and the manner in which the reader is made gradually aware of the underlying skeleton, is allowed to get a glimpse of its real nature, and is lured from the scent again and again, is certainly very skilful. At last, the beautiful young wife disappears; and for ten years the disconsolate husband remains in ignorance of her whereabouts and of the cause of her departure. For a time he believes her to be dead, and rests from the labours of search; but just as he was on the eve of forming a new tie, fresh information starts him again on the track of the mystery. When, quite at the end of the book, it is resolved at last, and the hero finds and loses "my wife" at the same moment, the accustomed novel-reader is surprised and relieved to find that neither bigamy nor crime of any complexion furnish the long-delayed solution. If he has attended to little hints scattered here and there, he may have guessed the truth about the lovely Isabel from the first; but if he has been carried away, as he is meant to be, by a certain breathless sense of hurry which pervades these portions of the book, he may probably be as much taken by surprise at the *dénouement* as a novel-reader of the present day can expect to be. The characters which chiefly figure in these exciting scenes are not more carefully or delicately drawn than is commonly the case with the heroes and heroines of tales which owe their chief attractions to the unravelling of a complicated plot, but there is another group of persons in this tale, the influence of whose quiet lives on the main action of the story plays the part of reposeful shadow amid so much high light. These are a charming family of French *émigrés* of high rank and broken fortunes, who, as the tale advances, get involved in the hero's destiny, and to their delineation is given the delicate skill and nice understanding of French characteristics and French ways of looking at life that might have been expected from the author of 'A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire.'

The pleasantest though not the most exciting parts of the book are those which take us to the "Lilies," a tiny red-brick house near the little town of Dullerton, where Count Raymond de la Bourbonnais, his daughter Franceline, and their stalwart servant-maid Angélique, live under the protection of the Count's old friend Sir Simon Harness, who is also the hero's former guardian. The middle-aged friends, English and French, are well contrasted, and there is much humour as well as pathos in the description of the relationship they have held to each other through many vicissitudes of life. When the tale first shows them to us, Count Raymond, reduced through a noble sacrifice he has made to extreme poverty, is living in a cottage belonging to his friend. His perfect content in the situation is a constant puzzle to the bustling ambitious Englishman, who being of opinion that "life without wealth is merely a sentence of penal servitude," is almost scandalised at his friend's philosophy and inability even to suspect that there is anything degrading in poverty, or that people of good name should ever resort to shifts to conceal the emptiness of their purses. Sir Simon is always inventing schemes for surprising his friend into accepting some little luxury which the latter deems incongruous with his new position, and is constantly circumvented by the Count, who, while apparently the gentlest and dreamiest of philosophers, spending "half his time in the moon," "suddenly becomes wide awake, and as wilful as a mule," when favours are endeavoured to be thrust upon him.

But while thus acting the part of patron to the French family, and keeping open house for the county, and hunters and hounds as a mere necessity of his position, Sir Simon is actually in pecuniary difficulties himself, and is only saved from bankruptcy at the end of the story by the opportune death of a rich aunt. The arguments between the two men as to the sort of conduct to which *noblesse oblige* inheritors of great names, when their banker's books are not satisfactory, are very characteristic and amusing. Not less of an enigma to the ladies and servants of Dullerton is Angélique, the French servant, with her courage for work, her willingness to act as "butler, cook, lady's-maid, and out-door servant" to the establishment at the "Lilies," her marvellous art in cooking up *omelette soufflée* in no time, and apparently out of nothing, and her despotic devotion to her old master and her lovely young mistress. Angélique, whose appearance, "high cheek-boned, grizzly-

haired, aggressive, protested against the mockery of her name through every inch of her body," yet wins our hearts as much as any female novel character of our acquaintance. We feel her to be a true heroine, while we follow her to market, where she is speedily surrounded by a troop of shouting boys, who nickname her "the French grenadier," or hear her confide to the Catholic priest her conviction "that exiles have their purgatory in this world, and go straight to heaven when they die." She cannot muster much English, and she feels bitterly the privation of not being able to gossip with her equals; but she is not altogether without society, for the old maiden ladies of Dullerton, struck with admiration for her economy and her singular facility of speaking French, treat her with marked consideration, and consult her about their housekeeping and their bargains in a wonderful tongue that "ignored genders, despised nouns and tenses, and treated adverbs and prepositions with the contempt they deserve." "Miss Merrywig's mode of proceeding was very simple. She took a bundle of infinitives in one hand, and pronouns and adjectives in the other, and shook them up together, and they fell into their places in the best way they could. It was wonderful how, somehow or other, they turned into sentences, and Angélique, by dint of goodwill, always guessed what Miss Merrywig was driving at."

Angélique, though a sturdy upholder of her master's dignity to outsiders, and reverencing him almost as a saint in her own heart, is yet quite capable of perceiving his little masculine weaknesses, and commenting on them pretty freely to his face in the privacy of family life, which in France takes in servants as well as children, and permits a free expression of opinion at least to all. Count Raymond was something of an astronomer, and boasted to his daughter of the hours in which he had "outwatched the bear," but Angélique considered that she alone of the household was privileged to have, and to be pitied for, her "*nuits blanches*" (sleepless nights), and violently resented her master's claim to the same distinction. "*Pauvre cher homme!* she would exclaim. He drops off the minute his head is on the pillow, and then dreams that he is wide awake, and looking at the stars—that's how it is. Why, this morning I was up and lighted my candle at ten minutes to two; and he was sleeping as sound as a wooden shoe—I heard him." Or, while waiting at her master's breakfast, and hearing him discourse on his night's observation, "Angélique would stand behind Raymond's chair holding up her hands aghast, or stuffing her apron into her mouth, so as not to explode in disrespectful laughter. Sometimes she would shake her flaps at him, with a despondency too deep for words." Franceline, the Count's daughter, and Angélique's nursling, is another beautiful creation, to whom the author has managed to impart a double charm, showing in her the grace, brightness, and simple dutifulness proper to a secluded convent-bred French maiden, joined to an unexpected strength and power of self-conquest in an hour of temptation an English heroine might be proud to have exercised. As she grows up in Dullerton, and developes from an energetic self-willed child to a bright maiden, tall and fair, "with the peculiar whiteness of complexion that we see in fair northern women — Scandinavians or Poles—as clear as ivory, and as colourless;" but from the vermilion of her lips, and the purple grey of her large almond-shaped eyes, wanting neither colour nor warmth in her face, she proves a centre of attraction, round which nearly all the other characters in the book finally group themselves. Even the old ladies and the Vicar of Dullerton forget she is a foreigner, and make a pet of her; and a certain Mr. Charlton, the only eligible young man within a radius of fifteen miles of Dullerton, who has kept mothers and daughters in suspense as to "what he means" for nine years, succumbs to her charms, and feels a sense of elation, as if a royal princess had paid him a flattering attention, when she rewards his salutations with a stately little bend of her head. Her father calls her Claire de Lune, and treats her with a sort of stately paternal devotion very pleasant to read about, teaching her astronomy and mathematics, to Angélique's disgust, "when he ought rather to be thinking of marrying Ma'm'selle;" and then again putting on his spectacles to give her instruction in the art of waltzing, on the occasion of a ball given by Sir Simon in her honour. When troubles thicken round the poor count, and when the child who has been the one comfort of his exile, loses health and sprightliness, and, becoming a burden on his slender resources, teaches him at last where the sting of poverty lies; the pathos of this tender endearing love is very beautifully brought out. The scene where the proud, independent Count de la Bourbonnais is tempted, at the house of his old friend Sir Simon Harness, to pocket a *pâté de foie gras* for his dying daughter, and where his anxiety to hide his little theft leads to his actually being suspected of stealing a valuable jewel, has something too grotesquely painful about it to be as touching as it is meant to be. It is, however, powerfully described, and our deep sympathy is enlisted with the proud reserved man, whose love has at last conquered his independence and his sensitiveness to reputation. It is a great relief when we find that the daughter does not die, and when the suspicions that hang over the father are dispelled, and the story ends in a thoroughly satisfactory manner for everyone.

A HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE.

A History of Roman Literature, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Marcus Aurelius. By C. Cruttwell. C. Griffin and Co.

Whatever may be the other merits of this book, we venture to predict that it will not interest many "of those who, without being professed scholars, are yet interested in the grand literature of Rome, or who wish to refresh their memory on a subject that perhaps engrossed their early attention, but which the many calls of advancing life have made it difficult to pursue." Such persons will probably either dip into Teuffel, or leave it alone. It is not very creditable to English scholarship that there should be no work in our language from which the unlearned may derive a fair acquaintance with the literature of Rome, and to which the learned may turn for purposes of reference or amusement, if we may venture to use the latter term in its Johnsonian sense. Such a book as Mure's 'Literature of Greece,' which, though unhappily incomplete, is an invaluable storehouse of trustworthy information and sound criticism, is wanted to redeem the credit of our Latin scholars. Mr. Cruttwell makes no attempt to supply the want. He has produced a serviceable cram-book, and has gilded the pill by various ingenious devices intended to give the work the appearance of a serious contribution to literature. The attempt would have had more chance of success in the absence of the series of questions which appear in the Appendix. We do not at all wish to underrate the value of these interesting examples of the modern educational method either as landmarks for careful readers, or as aids to idle examiners, and in the great struggle between examiners and candidates which now divides educated society into two hostile camps, Mr. Cruttwell may very likely succeed in giving the latter a considerable advantage in one particular field. But a man who is confronted with such inquiries as "How far did the Augustan poets consciously modify the Greek metres they adopted?" or "Is it a sound criticism to call the Romans a nation of grammarians?" declines to be taken in by discursive remarks on the genius of Catullus, and knowing what sort of a book he has got hold of reads it or otherwise as the exigencies of his position may or may not demand. As a feeder of the great machine, we have not much fault to find with Mr. Cruttwell. If it is possible and desirable to test a young man's ability or industry by his capacity for amassing in a month and retaining for a week the sort of knowledge to be imbibed, and the style of criticism to be acquired from the work before us, there is no more to be said than that the book is an unusually good specimen of its class. There is rather fine writing in it. Listen to this, for instance. "Meanwhile the people, for

whom tragedy and comedy had done something, however little, that was good, neglected by the literary world, debased by bribery, and the coarse pleasures of conquest, sunk lower and lower until they had become the brutal, sensual mob, inaccessible to all higher influences, which satirists and philosophers paint in such gloomy colours, but which they did nothing and wrote nothing to improve." This passage, if faithfully reproduced, would strike an examiner as something out of the common. The ordinary reader, with no ulterior object in view, might perhaps be reminded of a certain hatter whose remarks seemed to have no sort of meaning, though they were certainly English.

But Mr. Cruttwell is happier in collection than in exposition. As we turn over his pages, we see the old familiar quotations, the fine, well-worn tags, the little stock pieces of pseudo-criticism that have wearied successive generations of much-enduring undergraduates. If we may quote once more from a great author, our feelings resemble those of the beaver on hearing the song of the jubjub:—

> It thought of its childhood, left far far behind,
> That blissful and innocent state;
> The sound so exactly revealed to its mind
> A pencil that squeaks on a slate.

There is the 'Senatus Consultum de Bacchanalibus,' which is so interesting to Mr. Wordsworth and other enthusiasts, and so very unimportant to everybody else. There is the 'Fescennina Licentia' to which Horace attributed the origin of satire, and from which some trace the pedigree of *Punch*, with the profound remark that "the Fescennines owed their popularity to the light-hearted temper of the old Italians, and to a readiness at repartee which is still conspicuous at the present day in many parts of Italy." What an advantage it is to be a travelled man! Then we have an old friend, the Saturnian metre, with the stock examples of

> Dabunt malum Metelli Nævio poetæ

and

> The queen was in her parlour eating bread and honey;

though no allusion is made to the conscientious efforts of Cornewall Lewis to find a second instance in the English language which was not too obscene for quotation. We pass on to the construction of the Roman theatre, and are reminded of Mr. Trevelyan's Bacchanalia, where a Greek play is acted in a theatre constructed by Donaldson, from a comparison of the plans sent in by the freshmen at the May examination. Our author falls foul of poor Plautus, who "can have had no good effect on the susceptible minds of the audience," though Mommsen regards his "elegant grisettes, who make their toilet on the stage," with much apparent favour. But the distinction between Palliatæ and Togatæ is faithfully recorded, and this is perhaps more in Mr. Cruttwell's line. But the time would fail us to commemorate Ennius, "the father of Roman poetry," and Cato "the creator of Latin prose." Passing from these preliminary matters, Mr. Cruttwell proceeds to Cicero, whom he calls with a boldness of assertion quite out of place in a school text-book, "the greatest name in Roman literature." Mr. Cruttwell must be aware, like all other scholars, that Cicero's literary position is a matter of controversy. Mommsen in his great work calls him "a journalist of the very worst class," and there are probably few students of Roman literature who would place him on a level with Virgil and Tacitus. Be this as it may, the glib assertion of Mr. Cruttwell is singularly out of place in a primer. It will probably be news to the readers of the second Book of the 'De Oratore,' which is perhaps the worst collection of jokes in the world, that "raillery, banter, sarcasm, jest, irony, light and grave, the whole artillery of wit is always at Cicero's command," for even the "Pro Murena," an extremely favourable specimen of Ciceronian humour, would satiate the minds of most common juries. It was in regular stilted, formal rhetoric that Cicero excelled, and perhaps no speech has ever excelled in that respect the "conspicuæ divina Philippica famæ." Take some of the concluding sentences:—"Defendi rempublicam adolescens, non deseram senex; contempsi Catilinæ gladios, non pertimescam tuos. . . . Mihi vero, patres conscripti, jam etiam optanda mors est, perfuncto rebus iis quas adeptus sum quasque gessi. Duo modo hæc opto, unum ut moriens populum Romanum liberum relinquam—hoc mihi majus ab diis immortalibus dari nihil potest—alterum, ut ita cuique eveniat ut de republica quisque mereatur." The author of these words might well say, "Longum illud tempus quum non ero magis me movet quam hoc exiguum." Mr. Cruttwell's remarks on Catullus are, in our opinion, the best part of his work. Indeed, it would be hard for the dullest compiler to approach the most genuine of Roman poets without being affected in spite of himself. Mr. Cruttwell is betrayed into giving a false reference to Lucretius, and into writing of Catullus in a really human and rather picturesque manner, though of course the private life of our poet is animadverted upon with some severity. With a few words on his treatment of Virgil we must conclude our notice of Mr. Cruttwell's book. The view which he takes of the Æneid is the obviously sound one, that it is not a glorification of Augustus, nor yet a religious Monody, but a national epic. Niebuhr, who was once thought a great critic, has left it on record that Virgil is a remarkable instance of a man mistaking his vocation, thereby enabling us to estimate the value of his own critical faculty. Mr. Cruttwell has made free use of Professor Sellar's attractive book, and we cannot do better than conclude by recommending it to all who feel, with Dr. Newman, the power of Virgil's "single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines giving utterance as the voice of Nature herself to that pain and weariness yet hope of better things which is the experience of her children in every time."

BETWEEN WHILES.

Between Whiles; or, Wayside Amusements of a Working Life. Edited by Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. G. Bell and Sons.

There seems good ground for supposing that the art of writing Latin verses is taking its proper place among us. Twenty years ago it was obligatory on all schoolboys to produce, at least once a week, from twenty to thirty Latin lines, which could occasionally be construed and could generally be scanned, which contained words and phrases that "would have made Quintilian stare and gasp," and which represented much torture to the authors, and much injury to the memory of their classical models. But it was seldom that a volume was produced which could possibly engender the illusion that the form and grace of Lucan or Claudian, to say nothing of Virgil and Ovid, had been in any measure preserved. A generation whose educational views are somewhat less visionary, if not more utilitarian, has begun to recognise what was once patent only to a few reformers crying in the wilderness, and has virtually acknowledged that to exact from the average English boy a weekly tribute of longs and shorts is to insult the dead without benefiting the living, and that the promiscuous writing of Latin verse is only less heinous than the deliberate composition of English poetry, in the sense that manslaughter is more venial than murder. At the same time the present race of scholars has done more than any of its predecessors to gratify the cultivated taste of the few who love and study the Roman masters of poetic style. Virgil is inimitable and unique, the greatest literary artist of all ages and countries. But Professor Jebb has shown that Horace and Ovid may be more subtly and delicately reproduced than in the mechanical lines of Wellesley and the older scholars, and if Mr. Munro uses a license of phraseology which could scarcely be conceded to a less eminent person, he has given a new departure to the art which he cultivates by a display of what we ask pardon for calling imitative originality. Some may be tempted to say that the devotion of acute and trained intellects to such pursuits is a waste on trifles of the power which is due to realities. But if the treasures of Roman literature demand for their proper appreciation and diffusion the possession of taste

as well as learning, it is difficult to evade the cogency of Conington's observation on the character of German scholarship. He is speaking of a certain emendation of Ribbeck to Virgil's 'Æneid,' xii. 55, "where it is said of Amata, 'ardentem generum moritura tenebat.' M. Ribbeck objects that 'moritura' would mean that she was actually going to die, and substitutes 'monitura.' Is it possible? Virgil, in the rapidity of his passion, says that the queen clung to her son-in-law with the tenacious grasp of one with death before her: the critic [in the plenitude of his wisdom] says she held him in order to advise or reprove him. 'Utri creditis, Quirites? . . .' English scholarship has not a few deficiencies; is it not preserved from some errors by the practice of Latin verse composition?"

Professor Kennedy is widely known not only as a singularly learned and accurate scholar, but as having taught, when headmaster of Shrewsbury, a larger number of senior classics than any man who ever lived, and among his pupils is Mr. Munro, who as a Latinist has no rival in this country. It was therefore with feelings of the greatest respect and the keenest expectation that we opened the volume before us. Nor have we been altogether disappointed. 'Between Whiles' contains much that is of great merit, and shows considerable poetic insight. But unfortunately much of it is old, having already appeared in 'Sabrinæ Corolla,' and a good deal of the remainder consists of what is called "Carminum Sacrorum Epimetrum," or the laborious masquerading of Hebraic ideas in classical costume. Something, too, there is of that singularly tasteless and irritating practice, so freely adopted by Drury in 'Arundines Cami,' of turning feeble English buffoonery into slatternly Latin doggerel. The worst instance of this, however, which occurs on page 132, is not by Professor Kennedy, but by "F. M." We are almost ashamed to quote it, but we do so for the benefit of those people who, because Porson, in a marvellous *tour de force*, translated "Three Children Sliding on the Ice," by Gammer Gurton, into perfect Greek iambics, continue to indulge in this sort of thing:—

Mine host of the Raven's been doctored to plague us;
I asked him for negus; he grinned, and said, "Nay, goose."

Callidus ille nihil calidi dat caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem "Negus," reddidit ille, Nego.

And this is suffered to stand on the same page with a worthy translation of Wordsworth's noble sonnet to Milton. As a general rule, we think that the odd and quaint should be avoided in translations into Latin verse. But there is one instance in this book of scholarship triumphing over apparently insuperable obstacles, which is so clever and amusing that we are tempted to give it just as it stands, premising that it was the result of a challenge to put any given English into Latin elegiacs:—

Reverend Sir,—You are requested to attend a meeting of the Bridge Committee, on Saturday, the 5th of November, at 12 o'clock, to consider Mr. Diffles's proposal for laying down gas-pipes.

We are, Rev. Sir,
Your obedient servants,
Smith and Sons,
Solicitors.

Consilio bonus intersis de ponte rogamus
Saturni sacro, vir reverende, die.
Nonæ, ne frustrere, dies erit ille Novembres,
Sextaque delectos convocat hora viros.
Carbonum lucis suadet struxisse canales
Diphilus: ambigitur prosit an obsit opus.
Hoc tibi devincti Fabri, natusque paterque,
Actores socii, vir reverende, dabant.

This is as successful in its exhaustive accuracy, and as admirable in its comparative dignity, as Mr. Gladstone's recent reply to Mr. Chaplin. Professor Kennedy has added himself to the numerous persons, including the Lord Chief Justice, who have produced a translation of Gray's "Elegy." This version is stately and musical, and more strictly classical, if less original, than the recent version of Mr. Munro, which, by the way, it rather closely resembles in one passage:—

Gray.
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Mr. Munro.
Cuncta manet pariter non exorabilis hora,
Metaque mors, quoquo gloria flectit iter.

Professor Kennedy.
Omne manet pariter non exorabilis horæ
Eventus, famæque subest in fine sepulchrum.

Mr. Munro's second line is, we venture to think, one of the finest ever produced by a modern writer of Latin. Professor Kennedy is very successful in his rendering of the couplet—

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Frigida Paupertas genialis obruit æstus,
Et glacie mentis frenavit nobile flumen.

Though here we have the doubtful genitive familiar to our early years. A perverse critic might take "glacie" with "mentis."

But if we may venture on the criticism, Professor Kennedy is happier in Greek than in Latin, as perhaps are most modern scholars. The elegiacs which Mr. Swinburne has prefixed to "Atalanta in Calydon" are perfect in form and melody, and should be commended to the notice of Cobet, who we believe has said sweepingly of his classical contemporaries, "Græca carmina pangunt, quæ nec Græca sunt nec carmina." Mr. Cory's translations into the same metre from Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Mr. Arnold's "Requiescat," which are to be found in "Arundines Cami," are only inferior to Mr. Swinburne's lines; and the Anacreontic version of "The Land o' the Leal," by the late James Riddell, is known to most scholars as a flawless gem. Professor Kennedy has on page 108 a very pretty rendering of Hood's "Wedded Love" in the same metre, which for literal exactitude combined with scholarly elegance it would be difficult to surpass. But while we are on unsurpassable Greek verse, we venture to enter a protest against the republication of a translation from Plato by Moore, which we never saw before, and humbly trust we may never see again. What is to be thought of a man who can read

'Αστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
οὐρανὸς, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σε βλέπω,

and then perpetrate this:—

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
O that I were yon spangled sphere!
Then every star should be an eye,
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

Professor Kennedy's Latin (page 73) forms no excuse for being accessory after the fact to such a crime. We will quote one Anacreontic poem from this volume as a specimen of a beautiful poem beautifully translated into a very attractive metre. The poem is Wordsworth's well-known "She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways," and the Greek is as follows:—

Οἴμοις ἐν ἀστιβήτοις
κρήνηοι πὰρ Πελείης
κούρη τις ἦν, παρφάκει δ'
ἐπαινέσων μὲν οὐδεὶς
παῦροι δέ μιν φιλοῦντες.
ἴον γὰρ ὡς φανέν τι
πέτηρς ὑπὲκ μελαίνης,
καλή θ' ὅπως τις ἀοτὴρ
μόνος φλέγων δι' αἴθρης,
ἔζη βίον λαθραῖον,
παῦροι δ' ἐπησθάνοντο
τῆς παρθένου θανούσης.
καὶ τὴν μὲν εἶλε τύμβος,
ἐμοὶ δ' ὅσον λίλοιπεν
ἀὶ ἀὶ πόθον τίς οἶδε.

Professor Jebb's iambics, as seen at their best in his translation from George Eliot's 'Spanish Gypsy,' are perhaps better than anything to be found in 'Between Whiles,' but the version from *King John* on pages 52–3 is creditable to English scholarship. Professor Jebb's Pindaric ode we will dismiss in the words of Herodotus—*ἐς ἀφανὲς τὸν μῦθον ἀνενεγκὰς οὐκ ἔχεις ἔλεγχον*. We have heard it said that his translation of Mr. Browning's 'Abt Vogler' contains metrical inaccuracies, but these things are beyond us. Professor Kennedy would perhaps have consulted his own reputation, as well as his father's, by omitting the poems on the Princess Charlotte, and on

"The Reign of Youth." No scholar can criticise Professor Kennedy without feeling that he is "laying hands on his father Parmenides." His European reputation is an honour to this country, where we have not yet all ceased to reverence the life of the disinterested scholar—

> Loftier than the world suspects,
> Living and dying.

GUATEMALA.

Across Central America. By J. W. Boddam-Whetham. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Mr. Boddam-Whetham's preface should have informed us in what region of Central America his transit had been effected; for it is one thing to have crossed the isthmus in Guatemala, and another in Honduras or Costa Rica. He may reply that to have put Guatemala on his title-page would have made him unintelligible to the bulk of the reading public, and it is certainly true that the country is much less generally known than it ought to be. Mr. Boddam-Whetham's pages are sufficiently agreeable to awaken a genuine interest in it, and perhaps to tempt some thoroughly qualified person into such a thorough investigation of its natural products and resources as Mr. Bates has performed for the Amazon Valley, or Mr. Monteiro for the Portuguese settlements in Western Africa. Mr. Boddam-Whetham makes no scientific or philosophical pretensions; he is a mere tourist for pleasure and curiosity, and his praise is that he is an excellent specimen of his class. We are much obliged for the lively and readable sketch he has given us of things as they appear at the surface, and not less so for the indications it affords of an underlying world of exceeding beauty and richness, into which he has not attempted to penetrate. A competent naturalist of adequate literary ability, versed in the problems of biology and not indifferent to the study of human nature, regularly domiciled in the country, and carrying out his explorations with the systematic tenacity of a Bates or a Wallace, might enrich literature with the most picturesque descriptions, and science with the most valuable observations.

Mr. Boddam-Whetham's descriptive powers are not inconsiderable, and his account of the country, though superficial, probably conveys a very fair impression of the general effect left upon the mind by the rapid succession of scenes of tropical magnificence. It is characteristic that he should excel in painting panoramas, where detail is subordinated to broad general effect. We may instance his description of the view from the Volcan de Agua as a good specimen of his style. He is unfortunately by no means a condensed writer; his volume would gain in merit almost as much as it lost in bulk by the unsparing elimination of trivial anecdotes, irrelevant quotations, and superfluous verbiage in general. His tone and temper, however, are so good that even when a tedious he is still a pleasant companion. Amid the dazzle of ceaseless delineation of forest and mountain and lake, and other natural features whose colossal development seems to crowd out human life from the canvas, are found pieces of information of real value. Such, for instance, is the curious fact that indigo and cochineal, the staples of Guatemala, are being fast driven out of the market by the new aniline dyes—a remarkable instance of the triumph of a more advanced phase of scientific manufacture over a rudimentary one, and suggestive for Indian statesmen and cultivators. Guatemalan industry has fallen back upon the coffee-plant, one of the most lucrative objects of cultivation in the world when well conducted; but instances are not wanting of the entire ruin of extensive plantations when the agriculturist has not been sufficiently careful in his choice of a site. Great and perhaps exaggerated expectations are entertained of the development of the mineral wealth of the State, when the means of communication shall have been improved, which may not soon be the case. In fact, much of the country has not even been visited, much less explored, and its resources are to a great extent a matter of conjecture. Mr. Boddam-Whetham suspects that commercial pursuits in Guatemala are much more extensive and profitable than generally believed, and hints that the foreign merchants, by whom they are principally conducted, conceal their prosperity for fear of attracting rivals.

The political condition of Guatemala is on the whole satisfactory. Shortly after obtaining its independence, it had the good fortune to fall under the absolute control of Rafael Carrera, an uneducated Indian soldier, but a born ruler of men, who, with not a little cruelty and despotism, maintained order, and bestowed stability on its political and social institutions. Carrera was a Conservative and instrument of the priesthood, but the solidity he imparted to the national institutions has enabled the Liberals, on gaining power after his death, to govern without relapse into the sickening anarchy common to those South American States where the intelligence of the rulers is too far in advance of that of the mass. The destinies of the country are at present directed by General Barrios, a Carrera in energy and military peremptoriness, but civilised, enlightened, and white. The Government, of course, is Republican in nothing but the name, President Barrios's will being practically law; but no other system could work among so licentious and ignorant a population, and the best men in the country are willing that the President should do what he pleases, so long as his pleasure is to promote educational and material improvement. With this condition he complies; schools have been abundantly instituted, roads constructed, an excellent postal and telegraphic system introduced, convents closed or converted to secular uses, and the Jesuits sent out of the country. At the same time, President Barrios, setting a good example to European Liberals in this respect, has avoided insulting religious feeling, or interfering with the parochial clergy. There is still far too much militarism, too much interference in the broils of neighbouring States, and a Government unable to acquit its financial obligations lavishes money on a first-rate opera. Yet if the national indebtedness is not discharged, it is not repudiated; the administration is good in all respects except for the rogueries and chicaneries of the law courts; and, all circumstances considered, Guatemala must be pronounced an encouraging instance of the ability of a liberal and anti-clerical party to maintain itself in Spanish-America without degenerating into the negation of all settled authority.

Mr. Boddam-Whetham made several interesting excursions from Guatemala, and, after leaving that city, directed his course to Coban, the capital of the department of Vera Paz, whence he found his way to the sacred lake of Peten, and thence down the river Usumacinta to the Gulf of Mexico. His notices of the ancient ruins upon his route add nothing to our knowledge beyond the indication of a probable field for exploration at Tickal, where some of the stone houses of the old Indian city are said to be still standing. Mr. Boddam-Whetham was unable to visit this site. It is satisfactory to hear of the establishment of two European naturalists at Coban, who have been resident for many years in the country, and whose scientific collections, it may be hoped, will ultimately become available at home.

TRUE WOMEN.

True Women. A Love Story. By Katherine Stuart. In Three Volumes. London: Samuel Tinsley.

A great living writer, after reading a young lady's manuscript, once said: "The usual fault of young authors is a superabundance of incident; the stream is too thick. Now, Miss ———, I do not think, will ever make a good novelist; her story is *too* thin—a gallon of water to a thimbleful of ink." This criticism applies very well to the work before us. It is true we have an immense number of characters, who tumble helter-skelter into the pages so rapidly that we can hardly

count them, but they do hardly anything, and, what little story there is, Miss Stuart tells with an artless absence of construction that reminds us of the "once-upon-a-time" improvisations which we spin out to children, in which the incidents follow each other as much by the association of ideas as by any other law, the tale never comes to a climax of any kind, and only ends because it is bedtime or time to go out, or because the listener is gone to sleep. We shall try to distil the essence of these rather watery volumes, and leave our reader to form his own opinion of the book.

The scene is laid in Rippleford, "a perfect colony of widows and orphans;" indeed, there are so many that we involuntarily thought of Salt Lake City as these ladies came on the stage one after another. We are introduced, in the course of the story, to some sixty characters; and as there are amongst them only three men who have anything to do with the plot, we will take them first. These are Sir Augustus Vansittart, an ungainly Baronet, who "would have been described as elephantine if everyone had not seen that he bore a ludicrous resemblance to the elephant's comparatively modern rival in unwieldy size, the hippopotamus;" his former tutor, now Vicar of Rippleford, the Reverend Matthew Traill, on whom Miss Stuart has bestowed some pains; and lastly, Guy Vernon, whom we suppose to be the hero proper of the book. Sir Augustus is a tolerably distinct personage, and acts up to his character as far as we see it, but there are hints thrown out of something very wicked and dashing in the background. Allusions are made to a "Mrs. Kerr Paget" (whose name alone suggests fashionable vice) and "proceedings in the Divorce Court;" but having opened this door a little way, Miss Stuart is very properly rather frightened at her own temerity, and gives us no further details.

The first widow to whom we are introduced is a Mrs. Blight, whose "nature knew not the blessed influences of Faith, Hope, and Charity," and in whom "the cares of a family brought out her despairing hopelessness in all its appalling repulsiveness." She and her friend (also a widow), Mrs. Macbeggah Tweedy, are the evil geniuses of the story, or would be if their characters were not so well known that nobody else pays any attention to what they say. Widow number three is Mrs. Bird, about whom we hear a great deal, but who has no connexion at all with the story. We are next introduced to widow number four—Mrs. Loraine, who lives in a house with great iron gates "as unrivalled as her step-daughter"—glass doors, old oak chairs, rich old china, an "old, old clock," and a portly old butler. Besides all these luxuries, Mrs. Loraine has a coachman who is often mentioned, and who drives "blood bays" in the barouche. The step-daughter, to whom the iron gates are compared, is Miss Sibyl Loraine, who is, we are told, as remarkably like her step-mother as Grace the real daughter is unlike. This the author accounts for by the fact that the late Mr. Loraine married his first wife for love, and the second merely out of pity. From whatever cause, Grace is described as "odalisque-like," greedy and sly, treacherous and corrupt, and with a passion for dreadful bad books, of which Miss Stuart kindly names two, 'Dare All' and 'Queans of Paris,' which, concealed in a loose Bible-cover, Grace reads, talking the while of 'My Novel,' on which her mother imagines she is engaged. Early in Vol. I., Grace is discovered by her great-uncle, Dean Ponsonby, kissing a minor canon, to whom she is shortly married, after which the couple disappear from the stage.

Several more widows now come upon the scene—Lady Vansittart, the mother of the hippopotamus baronet, Mrs. Vernon, and Mrs. Burleigh, whose daughter Madge is co-heroine with Sibyl Loraine. Madge Burleigh is a bewitching creature, with a temper of her own, which "gave a life, a charm, to her expression, which no 'mere white curd of asses milk' will ever possess." She has of course a wealth of hair, a proudly-set head, and a lithe firm figure, and she is beloved by Mr. Guy Vernon, the heir-apparent to a baronetcy, and the owner of "famous Persian mares" and a pack of Irish deer-hounds whose portraits, it is interesting to hear, "figure in many of the national treasures we have by the great Sir Edwin."

For a further description of this gentleman we must quote from Madge Burleigh's speeches to him in the scene, one of the most distinct in the book, in which she turns the conversation when he attempts to make her the serious offer of his heart. After telling him how "big, and strong, and useless," she thinks him, she goes on:—

"You rear tame pheasants, and you play at squire among the half-starved labourers, and make little orations to them and their miserable families, and tell them how thankful they ought to be when God blesses Sir Henry's farm to overflowing with a glorious harvest. . . . . but if *I* was a man, that is not what *I* would do. I would *turn-to* as working-bailiff, or overseer, or something or other, to prevent Sir Henry and his poor working men from being cheated by rogues set between him and them. . . . . I would improve all the cottages. I would have reading, and music, and dancing; and hold marriage feasts, and christening feasts, and flower-shows for the cottagers; not only beer, beer, beer—for ever beer—without food, or friendship, or sympathy. I would share my plenty and my pleasures. Oh, I am out of breath, or I would tell you much more that I would do if *I* were *you*. And you do nothing, and are nobody!"

Guy has not the spirit, after this lecture, to proceed with his proposal, but, though he turns on his heel with his heart full of bitterness, the practised novel-reader, who has before met with big, tawny-haired, loutish heroes, and "bewitching, fairy-like, nut-brown maids, of five feet three," is nowise surprised that "her hands unclasped and fell limp, the bright eye filled, and the scornful lips quivered." Guy finds occupation very soon in taking care of his dying uncle's affairs, and, becoming quite self-confident and at his ease, he not only proposes again to Madge, but "sets his brand" on the shell-pink palm of her hand. This caress only makes her angry, however, and even when his uncle dies, and Sir Guy, "for the third and last time," as we are told, asks her to be his wife, she refuses.

Now comes the plot. No sooner does Sir Guy come into his property than a report reaches Rippleford that he has long been secretly married to a dairymaid on the estate. After a chapter or two devoted to "The Scandal," and its effect on Madge, Mrs. Vernon comes on the scene to explain that it was not Sir Guy, but his uncle, to whom the dairymaid was married, and Sir Guy is only Mr. Vernon again, as Lady Vernon (widow number eight), "a great, creamy woman," is the mother of two boys, the elder of whom is, of course, the rightful heir. So Guy cheerfully becomes bailiff to his little nephew, and a few months afterwards is rewarded by a declaration from Madge Burleigh, whom he immediately marries amidst a great deal of cackle from the widows and orphans, and a rather good speech from a Rippleford farmer. Newly-wedded couples, by the way, may take a hint from Mr. and Mrs. Guy Vernon's honeymoon trip. After a visit to Capelcurig, where, "nestled together under one great plaid . . . they thought out great pæans of hope and solemn promise," Madge wonders one day where the tea-urn was made. "We'll go and see," says Guy; "so they visited Manchester and Birmingham, and Derby and Coalbrookdale," and finally settle down in an old house as lovely as tapestry and all kinds of old treasures of carving and china can make it, and where everybody drinks tea and cream and eats homemade bread-and-butter with them for the rest of their lives.

The absent-minded vicar, though somewhat of a caricature, is by far the best character in the book. The scene in which he confesses to Sibyl Loraine that her fascinating company has destroyed his peace of mind, is really good; and when he at last consoles himself with Mary Blight, we feel quite sorry not to have known her better before. We do not discover in this novel the force and gush of an only story, and should not wonder if Miss Stuart has in her Davenport several more works at least as good as this. We recommend her to put them all into one, and compress that one into one small volume, and not to attempt to be sensational or to spoil her modest little tale by allusions to the Divorce Court, or ladies with diamond snakes and

French costumes. She may then succeed in producing a readable story which will certainly be harmless, and possibly entertaining to girls in the schoolroom and chronic invalids.

MINOR NOTICES.

English Rule and Native Opinion in India. By James Routledge. (Trübner and Co.)—This volume is based on notes taken by the author, chiefly during his four years' residence in India—1870 to 1874—as editor of the *Friend of India*, once the leading journal in that country. But though full of interest, and deserving the attention of a wider public even than the Anglo-Indian, its contents are of too heterogeneous a character for detailed treatment in the small space at our disposal. The book itself is a proof that Mr. Routledge made the fullest use of his brief opportunity of observation; and there is scarcely a topic of public interest, belonging to the period embraced by it, of which the reader may not find abundant and instructive information. The chapters on frontier policy, the Persian Gulf, Mahomedan feeling in India, and some of the native States, are of considerable interest in these days, when the fire-eating journals at home and in India are raising their cry of alarm over Russia's flirtations with Shere Ali, and a supposed disaffection among the Moslem inhabitants of the Dependency. Mr. Routledge's brief description of the Wahabee prosecutions of seven years ago need not be considered even now out of date, especially when we find that some influential journals are opening their columns to correspondence proving that the Indian Mutiny of 1857 was a consequence of the capture of Kars by the Russians. The Wahabee story is still interesting, for the good reason that it lays open the nature of Mahomedan hostility to the ruling power. The Wahabees' greatest enemies were their own co-religionists, for Wahabeeism was simply a protest against popular Mahomedanism. It was a moral rather than a political revolt. Since 1870 also, the policy of the Indian Government has been, to a great extent and successfully, directed towards removing the jealousies which once existed between the Hindoo and Mussulman sections of the population. The results of inquiries into the condition of Mahomedan feeling in the chief cities of Bengal and Upper India—results published some time ago in a letter to the *Times*—ought to reassure those who fear lest the present capture of Kars may end in another Mutiny, and, perhaps, the final expulsion of the English from the country! Chapter VIII. contains some interesting references to the observations of Sir Dinkur Rao on the English retention of Scindia's fort of Gwalior—the Gibraltar of India, as it is sometimes called. In reference to this retention, and to the Indian Government's confiscations in Oude, Sir Dinkur Rao appears to have remarked that English honesty has sadly fallen away from its ancient high standard; and though the accusation is, to say the least, extremely open to question, it is worth notice as having emanated from one of the three ablest native statesmen whom India has produced. More to the point—and, let us add, more general throughout India—is the complaint that the new race of civilians is less loved by the natives than were the Company's servants. But the real grievance is that the competition-wallahs are too closely confined to their desks—do not mingle more freely with the natives. But this undoubted fact has its satisfactory side. The civilian is enabled to stick so closely to his desk for the reason that Indian administration is being nowadays conducted on definite, continuous lines; and it is also a sign that the natives themselves are learning to relieve the local officers of a large portion of their more harassing duties.

The United States as a Nation. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. (Trübner and Co.)—This little book—composed of six lectures lately delivered in London, Paris, Florence, Berlin, and Dresden by an eminent scholar and writer—deserves to be known by every student of American history and politics. It is no exaggeration, but the plain truth, that as a compact, learned, unprejudiced, and complete exposition of the growth and character of American institutions—as an analysis of American character, and an explanation of the distinction between the people and their Government—it is unequalled in the class of literature to which it belongs. Professor Legge said that "his ideas about America had, for the first time, gained coherence through these lectures;" and there are many, even among his most highly-educated countrymen, who, if they studied the volume, would gladly share his obligations to the author. The first lecture contains some most interesting information on the causes which led to the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence, when, as Adams expressed it, "thirteen clocks were made to strike together—a perfection of mechanism which no artist had ever before effected." The excellent passages on "sectional dangers," and the views which the founders of the new Republic entertained on the distinction between civil rights and political rights, throw much light on some of the gravest questions with which patriotic Americans nowadays will have to deal. Washington and Jefferson never entertained the notion of manhood, or universal, suffrage; and even now it is not absolutely universal. Still the exceptions are comparatively trifling, though perhaps the majority of the better-educated classes of Americans would be strongly in favour of imposing restrictions on the right of voting. The test favoured by Dr. Thompson is the educational one. The connexion between the rowdy element and official corruption is also fully traced; and some very striking tables of figures are given, showing the enormous preponderance of crime in the foreign ranks over that for which the native Americans must be held responsible. Vaticanism has not been much talked of on this side of the Atlantic, as constituting a danger to the Union; and Dr. Thompson himself shows from statistics that the progress of Roman Catholicism has not hitherto been very imposing. Still, the Irish Americans and the emancipated negroes apparently offer a rich field for priestly operations, and the author's reflections on the possibilities of Vaticanism, and the methods by which a Government resting, among other bases, on absolute liberty of conscience, would be entitled to provide against such a danger, are very suggestive. It need hardly be said that Dr. Thompson belongs to the school of Radical political thinkers in America, who would restore free trade, revert to specie payments, establish compulsory education, are opposed to State interference between labour and capital, and recommend a thorough reform of the Civil Service—throwing it open to competition, and making appointments tenable during good behaviour. While fully admitting and lamenting the prevalence of official corruption, Dr. Thompson contends that, in a free country like America, "the exposure of the evil is a part of the remedy. Exposure is a disinfectant; and the carbolic acid, though it makes the atmosphere more offensive for a time, is a sign that the sanitary police are doing their duty."

DRAMA.

THE CHRISTMAS WEEK.

The winter theatre-going season is now in full swing. Mr. Irving, who has been treating his provincial audiences to his *répertoire*, has come back to the Lyceum, and is dallying once again with Dubosc and Lesurques, pending the preparations for *Louis XI.* The melodramatic character of the *Lyons Mail* is peculiarly in keeping with the season which is generally supposed to revel in strange and gloomy stories blessed with a happy conclusion. The revival of *Jane Shore* constitutes the programme at the Princess's. The magnificent scenic effects which contributed so much to its success when it was first produced are now even more attractive than formerly. The piece has gained, too, by the services of Mr. Rignold, in the part of John Grist, which, in his hands, is a very artistic study, and has now the promi-

nence which before was wanting, but which was essential to the proper rendering of Mr. Wills's drama. Mr. Toole has migrated from his lately familiar ground of the Gaiety Theatre to the Globe, and is playing in the revival of a piece called *Artful Cards* that was scarcely worth reviving, but which serves sufficiently as a field for his humour. The *Turn of the Tide* has been reproduced at the Olympic Theatre. It is difficult to see the reason for the revival of a play like this, which, contrary to all rules of art, begins by a startling sensation, and works steadily down and grows heavier with every act till at last it reaches the lowest depths of dulness. The only redeeming quality of this representation is in the excellence of the acting. The cast is exceedingly strong, including, as it does, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Anson, Miss Florence Terry, Miss Gerard, and Mr. Forbes Robertson. Miss Florence Terry makes practically her first appearance amongst us in the difficult part of the heroine. We say "difficult" advisedly, for the part is one which is by no means easy to make interesting, but Miss Florence Terry's acting is at once so fresh, so varied, and so full of character that Marguerite Assheton appears quite an artistic and attractive creation. Miss Terry may be congratulated on a *début* so full of promise, which entitles her at once to a place by the side of her better known sisters. Mr. Anson's part is a small one, but, as usual, his admirable acting gives it a special importance, and he may be said to fairly "lift" the decidedly heavy play wherever he appears on the scene. His Mr. Danby, as a study of character, claims to stand by the side of his rendering of the Major in *Henry Dunbar*, or any of his most successful impersonations.

It is no easy task, in cases of collaboration, to award to each worker his due, whom to praise if praiseworthy, whom to blame if blameable. This difficulty is comparatively light in gauging the divided merits of the authorship of *A Night of Terror* at the Folly Theatre. Knowing what Mr. Wyndham can do, and what Mr. Matthison has done, it is fair to infer that the "business" of the piece is attributable to the former, and that the literary portion is Mr. Matthison's share. When a play is made up from a variety of foreign material it is all-important that it should be presented as a complete whole; that the dialogue should be up to, or even above, the level of the stage situations. In praising the completeness of form one regrets not to be able to recognise an equal completeness of matter. The first act, from this point of view, especially falls short of any such expectations; and though the last two acts are immensely funny, and keep the audience in continual merriment, the source of the laughter will be found in the series of surprises consequent upon the action rather than in the drollery of the dialogue—in what the characters do rather than in what they say. As the action moves round one central figure, upon which all the other characters are more or less dependent, so that there is little room for characterisation, Mr. Hill, who takes this leading part, is the only actor who can be said to have a real chance of distinguishing himself, and he fully avails himself of the opportunity. We have never seen him act better; from his first appearance to the fall of the curtain he is as amusing as it is possible to be. Miss Violet Cameron and Miss Munroe have not the prominent parts one would wish for, considering the talent they invariably evince. One incident in the piece calls for notice. It is probable that those who objected to the disrobing scene in *La Marjolaine* may object also to Mr. Hill's costume, or rather want of costume, in the latter part of the last act. But it is fair to conclude that the management, wishing to be *en rapport* with the festive season, thought it well to give a certain prominence to pantaloons.

The pantomimes, as usual, present a series of variations upon the old nursery mythology, with their customary splendours of scenic effect, their gorgeous pageantries, their groups of grotesque figures, their facile dancers, their ready singers, and their conspiring quartets of clown, pantaloon, harlequin, and columbine. *The White Cat* at Drury Lane, where the Vokes family, *minus* Miss Rosina Vokes, reign supreme, *Puss in Boots* at Covent Garden, *A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go* at the Aquarium, the Children's Pantomime at the Adelphi, the old, old *Valentine and Orson* at the Gaiety, the extravaganza *Wildfire* at the Alhambra, *Rose and Marie* at Her Majesty's, *Jack and the Bean-Stalk* at the Park Theatre, *Dick Whittington* at the Surrey, *The Enchanted Prince* at the Standard, all these present in more or less degree the same decorative skill, whilst the libretti furnish the usual farrago of pleasing absurdities. It is every year more noticeable that the improvement in pantomimes lies in their scenic successes rather than their literary merit, and that their gorgeousness increases at the expense of their humour.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Mr. D. Christie Murray, the war correspondent of the *Scotsman* on the Turkish side, who was the last newspaper correspondent to leave Plevna before its capture, and who has since been put under arrest and "expelled" from the Turkish lines for speaking too plainly about atrocities, is now in England. Some evidence may be expected from him soon as to the alleged Cossack atrocities south of the Balkans, and perhaps also some startling revelations of the way in which facts have been falsified and correspondence tampered with by a contemporary. Mr. Murray, we understand, thoroughly corroborates Mr. Archibald Forbes regarding the humanity of the Russian soldiers. And he has an equally unfavourable opinion of certain features in the character of Turks and Bulgarians.

A curious story is now afloat in Constantinople. A few days, it is said, after the 12th of September, 4,250 Turks presented themselves at the gates of Paradise, and sought admission. "Who are you?" said the Prophet. "We are 4,250 faithful Mussulmans who perished before Plevna on the 12th of September." "The 12th of September. Let me see. You are impostors. Here is a copy of our dear friend and ally, the *Daily Telegraph*, in which all the losses of the Faithful on that day are truthfully recorded. Only two men and a boy fell beneath the fire of the Infidel. Away with you. Three of you I will admit; but for the rest, you may ——." Here the Prophet slammed the golden gates, and 4,247 shades sadly turned away their faces.

The Paris *Figaro*, ever enterprising in the get-up of its supplements, has devoted this week's extra sheet to a detailed account of London, and some of its most interesting figures. Beginning with a description of the Queen and the Royal Family, and an elaborate study of the Prince of Wales, his habits and humours, the writer deals with Disraeli, le Comte de Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone. The Premier he describes as possessing not a shadow of physical distinction, and, in drawing attention to his yellow face and beard-tuft, institutes a comparison better left untranslated. Mr. Gladstone he compares to Guizot, and Lord Beaconsfield to Thiers, and emphasises the fact that the same deadly hatred subsists between the two English statesmen as did between the two Ministers of Louis Philippe. But of all these papers, including a visit to Capt. Shaw, and the Bank of England, the most interesting is that upon the English Press. In this we are treated to startling revelations about the secret workings of the *Times*, with some account of its editor, leader-writers, and correspondents; together with details concerning the administration of that "journal de sensation," the *Daily Telegraph*, and the enterprises of Mr. G. A. Sala in its service.

Prince Ibrahim, son of the Khedive, and his attendant, Mustapha Pasha, have been elected honorary members of the Reform Club.

So important—in spite of the Duke of Argyll's article in the *Contemporary* on "Disestablishment"—do the conductors of the *Times* consider the position of the Church of Scotland that they are reported to be contemplating sending a special commissioner in the beginning of 1878 to collect reliable statistics

and other facts relating to its various ecclesiastical organisations in Scotland. Hitherto it has been found impossible to say anything positive about the comparative strength of the Church and of its Dissenting rivals; and all that can be done is to hit the more or less happy mean between partisan pamphlets.

It is stated that a motion will be made during the coming Session to obtain a resolution of the House of Commons in favour of the establishment of a national theatre, on the principle of the Théâtre Français and the Odeon in Paris, and the State theatre in Berlin.

For the last few years the Society of Arts has had juvenile lectures in the Christmas holidays. Mr. Frank Buckland gave the first course in 1874. He has been followed by Professor Macleod, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Proctor. This year Professor Barff, of the Kensington Catholic University, is to discourse on "Coal and its Components." He begins next Wednesday.

It is well known that among the qualities which recommend M. Cochery, the new Under-Minister of Finance in France, is friendliness towards this country. This, it is believed, he will give practical proof of by immediately making reductions in postal and telegraph rates.

The life of Midhat Pasha, which has just been published in Paris, is written by a gentleman who was formerly attached to the Persian Embassy. An English version is likely to appear soon.

There is a certain house in Northamptonshire which boasts an antiquarian collection which would be a valuable addition to any museum, and the envy of all lovers of ancient treasures. This collection consists of the wedding dresses (complete) of all the members of the family in whose possession they are, from the days of Charles II. down to the present time, and as examples of British costume for the last two hundred years or so is probably unrivalled. The proprietor of this treasure has also a curious collection of table linen, &c., belonging to the days when people had the Battle of Blenheim worked into their table-cloths. It may be added that the owner of these wonders is of a kindly disposition, and that it is by no means impossible to obtain a sight of these interesting memorials of past times, memorials that must every day become rarer.

Bill Nye is likely to have a rougher time of it henceforward if he "goes for" Ah Sin too much, for the childlike and bland appearance of the "Heathen Chinee" covers now a warlike heart, and the game he did not understand, in which revolvers and bowie-knives were right and left bowers, is no longer a mystery to him. In other words, the Chinese labourer is ready to fight his Irish and American rivals with their own weapons, and will probably prove an ugly customer in a free fight.

The Duke of Connaught is delighting the public of Fermoy by taking his part in amateur theatricals in the Assembly Rooms of that pretty town on the Blackwater. Amateur theatricals were once famous in the south of Ireland. It was from the amateur theatricals of Kilkenny that the marriage of Sir William W. Beecher with the celebrated Miss O'Neil came about. The Duke of Connaught is making himself particularly popular in Fermoy by falling in with the national taste.

It is disappointing when, as in the case of the wooden so-called chair of St. Peter, which was discovered in 1665 to be in the Gothic style, and therefore clearly could not have belonged to the saint, ancient relics are found to be a delusion and a snare. The famous relic, however, the "Santo Calix" of Valencia, has been examined by Mr. J. C. Robinson, who is evidently impressed with the incredulous spirit of his namesake in the "Biglow Papers," and he writes to the *Times* to say that as the cup is of antique Roman origin, "however improbable, it is not actually impossible that it should have been that used at the Last Supper." The result of this modern quest of the San Graal is therefore moderately satisfactory to the believers of ancient relics, and it is curious to read of the many difficulties so uniconoclastic an archæologist had to encounter before he was permitted to investigate the sacred relic.

The *Port Elizabeth Telegraph* reports the death in that town of an alleged centenarian, in the person of a coloured woman named Deela Hendricks, who was formerly a slave. "She lived to see her third generation, her lineal descendants at this day being seventy-one—viz., six children, thirty-three grandchildren, and thirty-two great-grandchildren. The eyesight of the old woman was excellent; she could use her needle until within a few days of her death, and could also walk long distances. The fact of her having reached the age of a hundred years is vouched for by several trustworthy witnesses." The difficulty is, how the trustworthy witnesses could possibly vouch for the fact if they were not themselves at least as old as the venerable lady; and if there were so many persons of that advanced age in Port Elizabeth, there is no reason why this old lady should be singled out as the object of our special wonder.

The New York *Nation* points out that an article on Milton in the December number of *Harper's Magazine* is "lifted" "directly, and without a word of acknowledgment, from Professor Masson's painstaking introduction" to the Globe edition published by Macmillan and Co., and supports its statement by parallel quotations.

The descriptions of the receptions of the Emperor of Russia in St. Petersburg, which was telegraphed to the *Daily News* this week, were by Mr. Archibald Forbes, who deviated a little from his way to attend the ceremonial.

The reviewer of the *Standard* might make up his mind as to the proper title of Sir Erskine May. In a review of that author's 'Democracy in Europe,' the *Standard* critic only once describes Sir Erskine May accurately through several columns of print. The author is almost invariably described as Mr. May, once or twice as Mr. Erskine May, and only once, so far as we can see, as Sir Erskine May.

The Catalans, as well as the modern Provençals, boast a great poet. Verdaguer is their Mistral, and his "Atlantida" their "Mireio." The "Atlantida" is a semi-historical, semi-mythological poem in which Columbus figures.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon has been reading his 'Blade o' Grass' with great success to audiences in New York and Brooklyn. American papers speak highly of his manner of reading his story, and condensing as he reads, so as to bring it within the limits of an ordinary lecture.

Hachette and Co. of Paris intend to publish, some time within the next ten years, a French and English dictionary on a very large scale.

The article in the coming *Quarterly* on France is from the pen of Mr. J. Hamilton Fyfe, who was in Paris during the late crisis. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to publish the work on the same subject which has been already announced from the same writer.

M. Victorien Sardou is preparing a play for the Vaudeville based upon the highest moral principles. The fact that the heroine is a *femme honnête* has given rise to gloomy predictions about its success, whilst the friends and admirers of the author aver that M. Sardou can make even virtue interesting. The lady entrusted with this difficult part is Mme. Victoria Lafontaine.

Mme. Patti is having a series of triumphs at Genoa. The other day the greater part of the audience followed her to her hotel, and more than 2,000 people greeted her with shouts of applause as she appeared at her window.

Another volume of M. Francisque Sarcey's 'Comediens et Comediennes' is out. This one includes sketches of Mounet-Sully and Laroche.

The Gymnase is busily rehearsing *Madame Donis* of MM. Malot and Gondinet.

The Théâtre Lyrique is shortly to produce a play from the pen of the Marquis d'Ivry. It is called *Les Amants de Vérone*. Capoul and Mme. Heilbron are to take the chief parts.

The progress made in the erection of the new Boulevard de l'Opéra, in Paris, is amazing. It will be quite complete before the opening of the Exhibition.

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William Hunt's Talks about Art. (Crown 8vo, pp. 124.) Macmillan and Co.
Year Book of Facts in Science and Arts, 1878. Edited by James Mason. (Crown 8vo, pp. 280.) Ward, Lock, and Co.

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